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The Owl, vol. 2, no. 5

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Vol. II.

FEBRUARY, 1871.

No. 5.

THE OWL

DEVOTED TO

MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

EDITED BY THE BOYS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.



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THE OWL

DEVOTED TO MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

VOL. II. FEBRUARY, 1871. NO. 5.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE "PIOUS FUND" OF CALIFORNIA.

FROM the time of the discovery of California, in 1534, by the expedition fitted out by Cortez, the colonization of that country and the ultimate conversion of its inhabitants to the Catholic faith was a cherished object with the Spanish Monarchs. Many expeditions for the purpose were set on foot, at the expense of the Crown, during the century and a half succeeding the discovery, but though attended with enormous expense, none of them were productive of the slightest good result. Down to the year 1697 the Spanish Monarchs had failed to acquire any permanent foot-hold in the vast territory which they claimed under the name of California.

The success of the Jesuit fathers in their missions on the north-western frontier of Mexico, and elsewhere, induced the Spanish Government as early as 1643 (on the occasion of fitting out an expedition for California

under Admiral Pedro Portal de Casanate,) to invite that religious order to take charge of the spiritual ministrations of it and the country for which it was destined, and they accepted the charge, but that expedition like all its predecessors, failed.

The last expedition undertaken by the Crown was equipped in pursuance of a royal *cedula* of December 29, 1679. It was confided to the command of Admiral Isidro Otondo, and the spiritual administration of the country was again entrusted to the Jesuits, the celebrated father Kino being appointed *Cosmografo Mayor* of the expedition. Various circumstances conspired to delay its departure, and it only sailed on the 18th of March, 1683. Many precautions had been taken to insure its success, but after three years of ineffectual effort and an expenditure of over 225,000 dollars, it was also abandoned as a failure, and at a *junta general*,

assembled in the City of Mexico under the auspices of the Viceroy, wherein the whole subject was carefully reviewed, it was determined that "the reduction of California by the means theretofore relied on was a simple impossibility," and that the only mode of accomplishing it was to invite the Jesuits to undertake its whole charge, at the expense of the Crown. This proposition was made; but it would seem that the conduct of the royal officers, civil and military, must have contributed to the previous failures, and probably for that reason, it was declined by the Society, although the services of its members as missionaries were always freely placed at the disposal of the Government.

Individual members of the Society, however, animated by a zeal for the spread of the christian faith in California, proposed to undertake the whole charge of the conversion of the country and its reduction to christianity and civilization, and this without expense to the Crown, on condition that they might themselves select the civil and military officers to be employed. This plan was finally agreed to, and on the 5th of February, 1697, the necessary authority was conferred on Fathers Juan Maria Salvatierra and Francisco Eusebio Kino, to undertake the reduction of California, on the express conditions, however: 1. That possession of the country was to be taken in the name of the Spanish Crown, and 2. That the royal treasury was not to be called on for any of the expenses of the enterprise, without the express order of the King.

In anticipation of this result, Fathers Kino and Salvatierra had already solicited and received from various individuals and religious bodies, voluntary donations called *limosnas*, or alms, contributed in aid of the enterprise. The funds thus collected were placed in their hands, in trust, to be applied to the propagation of the Catholic faith in California by preaching, the administration of the sacraments of the church, erection of church edifices, the founding of religious schools and the like; in a word, by the institution of Catholic missions there under the system so successfully pursued by the Jesuits in Paraguay, Northern Mexico, Canada, India, and elsewhere.

The earliest contributions thus obtained will be found detailed in Venegas' "*Noticia de la California*," vol. 2, p. 12. Besides sums given to defray immediate expenses, it was determined to establish a fund or capital, the income from which should form a permanent endowment for the Missionary Church. Towards this latter object, the first recorded contributions seem to have been by the congregation of N. S. de los Dolores, which contributed \$10,000, and Don Juan Caballero y Ozio, who gave \$20,000 more. These donations formed the nucleus of the fund destined for the propagation of the Catholic faith in California. It was increased from time to time by others, and in a comparatively few years attained magnitude and importance. It was invested and administered by the Jesuits in pursuance of the trust on which it was confided to

them, and its income was the source from which was defrayed the annual expense attending the Missions in California. In time, it acquired by common acceptance the name of "The pious fund of the Californias."

Among the most important contributions to the fund was one by the Marquis de Villa Puente and his wife, who, in 1735, in addition to large previous donations, conveyed to the Society of Jesus, by deed of gift *inter vivos*, estates and property of great value and productiveness.

With Fathers Kino and Salvatierra were associated in the projected conquest, Fathers Juan Ugarte and Francisco Maria Piccolo; the former of these united to the zeal of the missionary a singular talent and aptitude for the management of business affairs, and he was accordingly at first constituted procurator, or man of business of the Missions, to reside at Mexico. The latter was of a noble Italian family, distinguished as a scholar, and a writer of elegant and perspicuous style.

Father Kino was unable to accompany his associates to the scene of their labors, and the Mission was commenced by Fathers Salvatierra and Piccolo, who three years later were joined by Father Ugarte. It would be out of place here to follow these heroic men in their apostolic labors. Father Salvatierra embarked at the mouth of the Yaqui river in a crazy little schooner, and after a short voyage of nine days reached California. Landing in an unknown country, remote from all supplies and communications, this intrepid missionary, accompanied by a corporal

and five men, with three Indian servants, deliberately aimed at no less an object than the spiritual conquest of the whole peninsula, and the country to the north of it, up the coast as far as Cape Mendocino. He was followed in a few weeks by Father Piccolo. The chronicle of the obstacles they surmounted, the privations, sufferings and perils to which they and their subsequent companions were exposed, and in which some of them cheerfully perished, and of the success they finally achieved, is as full of romance, interest, and instruction as any in the annals of the New World. Besides the chief object of bringing the native population into the fold of church, which was ever kept steadily in view, these remarkable men never lost sight of the interests of learning and science; they faithfully observed and chronicled all that was of interest in any branch of human knowledge, or capable of being useful to the colony or the mother country. It is a hundred years since the Jesuits were expelled from Lower California, yet to this day, most that we know of its geography, climate, physical peculiarities and natural history, is derived from the relations of these early Missionaries. By kindness and instruction they gradually overcame the hostility of the native tribes, and during the seventy succeeding years gradually extended their Missions from Cape San Lucas up the peninsula, to the northward, so that at the period of their expulsion, they had established those of San Jose del Cabo, Santiago de los Coras, N. S. de Loreto, San Jose Commundu, La Purisima, de Cadegomo, N. S. de Guadalupe, To-

dos Santos, Francisco Xavier, Santa Rosa de Muleje, San Ignacio, Santa Gertrudes, San Francisco de Borja, Santa Maria de los Angeles, and these, with that of San Fernando Villacata, founded by the Franciscans in May, 1769, on their march to San Diego, were all the Missions of Lower California.

At this time the interior of Upper California was unexplored, and its eastern and northern boundaries uncertain. The outline of the coast had been mapped with more or less accuracy, by naval exploring expeditions fitted out by the Crown, and by the commanders or pilots of the Philippine galleons, which, on their return voyages to Acapulco, took a wide sweep to the north, and sighted the leading headlands from as far north as the "Cabo Blanco de San Sebastian," down to Cape San Lucas. The whole coast, as far north as Spain claimed, was called by the name of California. The terms Upper and Lower California, came into use afterwards.

The "pious fund" continued to be managed by the Jesuits, and its income applied in conformity to the will of its founders, and the Missions of California remained under their charge down to 1768, in which year they were expelled from Mexico in pursuance of the order of the Crown, or pragmatic sanction of February 27, 1767. Their missions in California were directed by the Viceroy to be placed in the charge of the Franciscan Order. Subsequently a royal *cedula* of April 8, 1770, was issued, directing that one half of these Missions should be confided to the Dominican Friars; in pursuance of which,

and a "*concordato*" of April 7, 1772, between the authorities of the two Orders, sanctioned by the Viceroy, the Missions of Lower California, and the whole spiritual charge of that peninsula, were confided to the Dominicans, and those of Upper California to the Franciscans. The income and product of the "pious fund" was thereafter appropriated to the missions of both Orders.

The Church, when first established in Upper California, was purely missionary in its character. Its foundation dates from the year 1769; in July of which year, Father Junipero Serra, a Franciscan friar, and his companions, reached the port of San Diego, overland, from the frontier Mission of Lower California, and there founded the first Christian mission, and first settlement of civilized men, within the territory now comprised in the State of California. Their object was to convert to christianity and civilize the wretched native inhabitants, sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance and barbarism. In pursuit of this they exposed themselves to all the perils and privations of a journey of forty-five days across an unexplored wilderness, and a residence remote from all the conveniences and necessities of civilized life, in the midst of a hostile and barbarous population, who requited the charity of the christian missionary with the crown of christian martyrdom. Father Junipero and his followers established missions among these barbarous people, from San Diego as far north as Sonoma, at each of which the neighboring tribes of Indians were assembled and instructed in the truths of

the christian religion and the rudiments of the arts of civilized life. The missions of Upper California, and the dates of their foundation, were as follows: San Diego, 1769; San Luis Rey, 1798; San Juan Capistrano, 1776; San Gabriel, 1771; San Antonio, 1771; Sant Ynes, 1802; San Miguel, 1797; San Buenaventura, 1782; San Rafael, 1771; La Soledad, 1791; Santa Barbara, 1786; La Purisima, 1787; El Carmelo, 1770; San Luis Obispo, 1772; San Juan Bautista, 1797; Santa Clara, 1777; San Jose, 1797; San Francisco de Asis, 1776; San Fernando, 1771; Santa Cruz, 1791; San Francisco Solano, 1823.

The Missions were designed, when the population should be sufficiently instructed, to be converted into parish churches, and maintained as such, as had already been done in other parts of the Viceroyalty of New Spain; but in the meantime, and while their missionary character continued, they were under the ecclesiastical government of a President of the Missions. Father Serra was the first who occupied this office, and the Missions were governed and directed by him and his successors as such, down to the year 1836, when the authority of this officer was superseded by the appointment of a bishop, and the erection of the Californias into an episcopate or diocese.

Francisco Garcia Diego, the last President of the Missions of Upper California, was also the first bishop of the new diocese.

The text of the decree or pragmatic sanction, expelling the Jesuits from the Spanish dominions, is very brief.

The only provision on the subject of property contained in it, is in the words "*y que se ocupen todas las temporalidades de la compania en mis dominios.*" Under this provision, the Crown took all the estates of the Order into its possession, including those of the "pious fund;" but these latter constituting a trust estate, were of course taken *cum onere*, and charged with the trust. This was fully recognized by the Crown, and the properties of the "pious fund," so held in trust, were thereafter managed in its name by officers appointed for the purpose, called a "*junta directiva.*" The income and product continued to be devoted, through the instrumentality of the Ecclesiastical authorities, to the religious uses for which they were dedicated by the donors.

On the declaration of Mexican independence, Mexico succeeded to the crown of Spain as trustee of the "pious fund," and it continued to be managed, and its income applied as before, down to September 19, 1836, when the condition of the Church and of the missionary establishments in California seemed to render desirable the erection of the country into a diocese or bishopric, and the selection of a bishop for its government. The Catholic religion being the established religion of Mexico, and it being a known rule of the Holy See not to consent to the erection of new bishoprics in countries acknowledging the Catholic faith, without an endowment from some source adequate to the decent support of the bishopric, the law of the Mexican Congress of Sept. 19, 1836, was passed, which attached an endowment of 6,000 dol-

lars per year to the mitre to be founded, and conceded to the incumbent when selected, and his successors, the administration and disposal of the "pious fund." As it formed the support of the Church in his diocese, and the missionaries and their flocks were all his spiritual subjects, and his only ones, this under the Canon law was a natural result, and its expression merely serves to mark clearly the recognized destination of the fund.

In pursuance of the invitation held out in this enactment, the two Californias, Upper and Lower, were erected by his Holiness, Pope Gregory XVI., into an episcopal diocese, and Francisco Garcia Diego, who had until that time been president of the Missions of Upper California, was made bishop of the newly constituted see; as such he became entitled to the administration, management and investment of the "pious fund" as trustee, as well as to the application of its income and proceeds to the purposes of its foundation, and for the benefit of his flock.

On February 8th, 1842, so much of the law of Sept. 19, 1836, as confided the management, investment, etc., of the fund to the bishop, was abrogated by a decree of Santa Anna, then President of the Republic, and the trust was again devolved on the State, but that decree did not purport in any way to impugn, impair or alter the rights of the *cestuis que trust*; on the contrary, it merely devolved on certain government officers the investment and management of the property belonging to the fund, for

the purpose of carrying out the trust established by its donors and founders.

On October 24th, 1842, another decree was made by the same provisional president, reciting the inconvenience and unnecessary expense attending the management of the various properties belonging to the "pious fund," through the medium of public officers, and thereupon directing that the property belonging to it should be sold for the sum represented by its income (capitalized on the basis of six per cent. per annum), that the proceeds of the sale as well as the cash investments of the fund should be paid into the public treasury, and recognized an obligation on the part of the government to pay six per cent. per annum on the capital thereof thenceforth.

In none of these acts, as will be perceived from their language, was there any attempt to destroy or confiscate the property, or impair the trusts or the rights of the ultimate beneficiaries. On the contrary the object was distinctly expressed to be more completely and economically to carry out the benevolent intentions of the founders and donors.

The property of the "pious fund" at the time of that decree of October 24th, 1842, consisted of real estate, urban and rural; demands on the public treasury for loans theretofore made to the State; moneys invested on mortgage and other security, and the like. The greater part of the property was sold in pursuance of the last mentioned decree for a sum of about two millions of dollars, the

names of the purchasers are stated by Mr. Dufлот de Mofras in his "*Exploration du territoire de l'Oregon et des Californies*, etc., to have been the house of Baraio and Messrs. Rubio Brothers. In the sale of the properties of the "pious fund," the demands existing in its favor on the public treasury for loans to the government were not included; the items of the capital of those loans due at that time, exceeded a million of dollars. Some of these had preceded the severance of Mexico from the dominions of Spain, but being debts of the vice-royalty of New Spain, were assumed and recognized as debts of the Mexican Republic, as well by the law of June 28th, 1824, as by art. vii of the treaty of December 28, 1836, between Mexico and Spain.

The interest on this capital must therefore be added to that on the proceeds of the sale, in ascertaining the arrears of interest due by Mexico to the "pious fund."

Whether money debts due by indi-

viduals and private corporations to the "pious fund" (investments on mortgage and the like), were included in the sale, or in the sum of two millions of dollars above given as its proceeds, we do not certainly know; but have reason to believe that they were not, but were collected by the Mexican Government. The interest on these sums should also be added in ascertaining the arrears of interest now due the fund.

The Bishop of California remonstrated earnestly against the decree of October 24th, 1842, as a violation of his rights and of the terms of the above law of 1836; those terms were a fundamental condition on which the Holy See had consented to the erection of the bishopric, and therefore had the sacredness of a contract; and on the 3d of April, 1845, the General Congress passed the Act of that date, restoring to him and his successors, for the purposes of the trust, the properties of the fund yet remaining unsold.

THE AINSLIES.

CHAPTER I.

"But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

—*Shak.*

I BELIEVE it is grown into a kind of custom with our modern storytellers, when they wish to make an impressive opening, to introduce the reader to a kind of literary banquet in the shape of a flowery description of a "most beautiful Summer morning," or a "soft mellow evening in the early Autumn." Sometimes those, who are greater admirers of the grand than of the beautiful, will strive to paint the rigors of "the icy dawn of a wintry day, etc., etc." Now this may look very well in print and read well, but will my readers excuse me if I venture to depart a little from the beaten track, and in telling a "plain, unvarnished tale," pursue the way the simple facts I have to relate may lead me. I hope they will. However, it happens, luckily for my credit, that circumstances allow me to follow custom for a certain distance. My story begins in the morning. I don't know why. It may be that there is a destiny in it. It may be that everything that is worth telling begins in the morning. But be that as it may, I begin in the morning. But, unfortunately, that very fact, instead of affording me an opportunity for a beautiful introduction, has, on the contrary, precluded all possibility of such a thing, and compelled me to throw

myself upon your mercy, reader, with this lame excuse for the non-appearance of that most indispensable accomplishment to every well written story. Why? Well, then, the morning in question, far from affording anything worthy of a display of rhetorical ability, was one of the dullest and most un-noteworthy that ever came out of the sky. Usually there are, at least, green fields or hills, or streamlets, to be described; but there were none here. It was a city morning. There was no Summer sky to go into poetic ecstasies over, for it was just one of those doubtful periods when one does not know whether it means to be Summer or Winter,—in the end of the Fall. It was about the middle of October, in the year A. D. 1858. Rain had fallen during the night, and the streets were muddy and the pavements slippery. What with the smoke and fog that overhung the city like a pall, and the clouds that seemed to be unable to decide whether to be in his way or not, the sun had rather a hard task to look pleasant on that particular morning, and so kept out of sight as much as he could. In fine, it was "one of the most sloppy, foggy, slippery, uncomfortable and dirty mornings that ever afflicted the goodly city of New York with its disagreeable presence." So every one seemed to think, to judge from the countenances one might

meet at every step, and so in particular thought Mr. Hamilton Wilkes, the broker, as he stepped from the muddy Wall street pavement into his business office, and so he expressed his belief as he divested himself of his hat, overcoat and gloves in his private office, where Mr. Henry Allen, his confidential clerk, was writing when he entered. Mr. Allen, as his employer opened the office door, rose and greeted the latter with a genial "Good morning, Mr. Wilkes," to which greeting Mr. Wilkes as genially replied, and moreover added the above opinion as to the state of the weather. Mr. Allen replied, with a smile, "that he had seen many a better morning."

"Ah!" said Mr. Wilkes, after he had deposited his umbrella on the rack beside the stove; "you seem to be in good spirits this morning, Henry."

"I am, sir," replied Henry. "That is, in as good spirits as a son, who has just received a long letter from an affectionate mother, can be expected to be." Henry regarded Mr. Wilkes almost as a father, and therefore did not hesitate to tell him the cause of his pleasure.

"Indeed," said Mr. Wilkes, "I am glad, Henry, to see such a disposition in you. Depend upon it, my boy, you will ever be successful as long as you love your mother with such a love, and follow her excellent advice so faithfully, as I know you do. I need not inquire for her health, for your face tells that she is well."

"At present she is, sir, replied Henry; "though she has lately suf-

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fered from a slight indisposition. And—

"Well," said Mr. Wilkes, observing Henry pause, "you wish for leave of absence to visit her."

"Yes, sir," replied Henry; "if it is not too much to ask."

"By no means, my boy," said Mr. Wilkes. "I would give you a week, but your services are so indispensable to me, I fear I can spare you but for two or three days."

Henry bowed, and answered, "I thank you, sir. I shall require but a very short time. I do not think I shall go, however, until to-morrow morning."

"Very well, as you wish, Henry." Henry returned to his desk, while Mr. Wilkes began to examine the letters and papers that lay on his desk. While he is doing so, let us find out who Mr. Hamilton Wilkes and Mr. Henry Allen are. The former is a man of rather advanced years, perhaps sixty; but though his once dark hair is whitening, yet his clear brown eye and open countenance speak abundant promise of healthful, happy years to come. As for his history: he is one of the most influential and richest Wall street men. He was born in Maine, and with characteristic Yankee spirit, though poor in his youth, has hewn himself out a fortune and a fame. Entirely a self-made man, his life has been one of sobriety, honesty and fervent piety in the religion of his fathers. Kind-hearted to all those he loves, and implacable to those that are implacable to him, he is the friend of the orphan and the widow, and many a lonely hearth-

stone has beheld his sympathetic tears falling for the unfortunate; many a desolate home has been rendered happy by the bounty of his hands. His companion was a young man of about nineteen, tall and well-shaped, with dark hair and eyes, and with a complexion that bespoke a southern birth. He was the son of a widowed mother, who was at present living in Philadelphia. He was the eldest of a small family of four, two brothers and two sisters. His father died when, at seventeen, he had just been graduated by St. John's College, where, his mother being a Catholic, and desiring her children to be reared as good Catholics, he had been placed at a very early age. It was a sore trial to Henry, this misfortune following so closely the trial of his parting with his college associations, too. It seemed to him that his life was prematurely embittered. Mr. Wilkes, who had known his father and mother, offered him a lucrative situation immediately upon his return from college, and after the death of his father. Henry had gone to New York and obtained the promised position. This was the more acceptable, that, after his father's death, it was found he had been involved to such a degree, that, after discharging the debts, but a moderate income would be left to the family. In New York, with his employer, Henry rose very rapidly in position and in confidence. His integrity and quick perception won for him the highest place in that gentleman's esteem, and at the end of three years we find him the confidant of his employer and the trustee of his business.

Upon this morning Allen was so much occupied with his own thoughts, and the anticipation of seeing his mother, whom he had not been with for several months, that he did not at first hear the voice of Mr. Wilkes, addressing him from the depths of the big arm-chair, by the fire. "Henry!" repeated Mr. Wilkes, rising, and looking towards Allen's desk.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Henry, roused from his reverie. "Did you call me, Mr. Wilkes?"

"Yes. I have a letter from Tom, telling me that he is coming home this morning, and is bringing with him a friend, a young Virginian, who has been taken ill at Yale, and whom he is to accompany home. Let me see," looking at his watch; "it is nine now, and the train is due in twenty minutes. I shall have time to go home and send the carriage to the depot. I shall probably be back before twelve. Meanwhile you will oblige me, Henry, by answering these letters," pointing to a heap upon the desk; "they are merely business matters, which you can attend to as well as myself."

"I shall do so, sir, with the greatest pleasure," replied Henry.

"And bye-the-bye," said Mr. Wilkes, turning back from the door, "since Tom will be at home to-night, come up and dine with us. There, no more. I shall expect you, remember," and Mr. Wilkes closed the office door and walked briskly into the street. Harry returned to his desk and took up his pen again to answer the various letters which lay before him.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Tom Wilkes, whose name has been introduced in the preceding chapter, was, as the reader already knows, the son of Mr. Hamilton Wilkes. Moreover, he was that gentleman's only son. He had been graduated a short time before the opening of our story, at Yale College and at the present time was studying the profession of medicine. He was young—about twenty-two—and, like all youths of his age and condition—that is, an only son and the pet of the family—rather “spoiled.” But, to counteract his failings, he was just as generous as he was wild. Whilst at college, he was known and admired as much for his good nature and generosity as his good-fellowship and lively disposition. But of all his college friends there was none he cared more for than George Ainslie, a Virginian, three years younger than himself. Ainslie was as quiet and unassuming as Tom was wild and hair-brained, and equally as generous and noble-hearted. The friendship of these two was noted. They were as often together as Tom's wild ways would let them be. Being more advanced in studies, Tom could help young Ainslie in the knotty points of his lectures, whilst George was ever ready to return the favor whenever opportunity offered. Indeed, before they had been known to each other a year, they were more like brothers than mere companions. Two years after Ainslie's coming, Tom had received his diploma and gone home to New York “for a little vacation and there to dig at medicine.” Whilst enjoying himself during this vacation, Tom

had been several weeks on a visit to some relatives in Maine, and returning home stopped at New Haven to see his friend George. He went to George's rooms, and having been admitted he found George looking very pale, sitting in an easy chair by the fire. “Ah! Tom,” said Ainslie, weakly, rising from his chair and stretching out his hands to grasp Tom's. “You've come to see me a little under the weather.”

“Why, George,” said Tom, who perceived, by Ainslie's appearance, that he was far from being as well as he pretended; “what is the matter with you? Your looks positively frightened me when I came in. Have you been very ill?”

“Yes, Tom, I have been, and am still. But don't look so horrified. I'm not going to drop down a corpse at your feet; not yet, old boy. But come, now you are here, tell me how you have enjoyed yourself down East?”

“Very much, indeed, George. As much as such a harum-scarum chap as I am can enjoy himself anywhere. But never mind me; tell me what has happened to yourself, George?”

“Oh, this is only a return of my old friend, here,” laying his hand upon his breast.

“What! you have not had another,—again, my dear George?”

“A slight one, Tom. However, it's over now. But Dr. Leonard has ordered me home, and though I do hate to leave old Yale just now, when I am getting along so well in my mathematics and my Latin, I presume I shall have to go.”

“George,” said Tom, “I wish you

would not study so hard. You are wearing out your constitution. This eternally dig which you keep up, scarcely leaving you room for recreation, is enough to throw the strongest man in America into consumption. And, believe me, my dear fellow, you cannot continue it long; you must stop, or you will kill yourself. Did I not tell you last June that you would have another hemorrhage if you did not take more of the fresh air than you get shut up here in these rooms, poring over dusty books?"

"Yes, Tom, I know you did, and I can now feel, I assure you, how valuable your advice was. I thought I was stronger than I was, but fear that I have already overtaxed my strength."

At this instant there came a tap at the door, and the next moment Dr. Leonard entered, a pleasant little man, who recognized Tom, and cordially shook his hand.

"Ah! Mr. Wilkes, I am glad to see you. Hope you are well. Your friend, Mr. Ainslie, has been a little indisposed. But we'll bring him round all right. How are you to-day, George?" said the kind old doctor, taking George's hand in his.

"Better, Doctor. I think I shall be able to start for home to-morrow."

"As I told you before, George, it will not be dangerous, but I would not advise you to expose yourself so soon."

"Oh, as to that, Doctor, you would give me the same advice every day, until it would be no longer necessary for me to go. But here's Tom will see me safe to New York, at any rate."

"I will that, George, and you shall stay with me until you are well."

"Thank you, Tom, for your kindness, but I cannot accept your offer. These northern Winters, of yours do not help me to health as well as I could wish. No, Tom, I must be back in the sunny South again."

"Well, at least let me go with you there, to take care of you."

"Gladly, Tom—most gladly. I would have asked you, but I was afraid you would think it selfishness."

"But you'll promise to rest a few days in New York?"

"Yes."

"Then I will write to my father to expect us in the morning. I will go now and see that your things are all ready. I will be back soon," and Tom went out of the room, leaving the Doctor with George.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ADVENTURES OF ALI MAHMOUD.

A TRUE STORY OF PERSIAN LIFE.

NOTHING seems more strange, to readers of Eastern tales like the Arabian Nights, than the rapid changes which take place in the sentiments of the principal characters, and the insufficiency of the causes assigned for them. Thus, the tyrant is subdued and becomes gentle on hearing his proposed victim recite a few touching lines from some Persian poet, or a moral precept from the Koran; and the villain divests himself of his cruelty and selfishness, not because he is moved by any impulse of a more powerful nature, but only because he has heard some pretty fable or some pleasing tale. Justice is disarmed by an epigram; and the thief leaves his booty behind him because he has by chance tasted the "gudeman's" salt.

The East has been called the land of changeless conservatism, but it is equally the land of violent revolts; and this element of instability shows itself not merely in the overthrow of dynasties, but in the changes of national character to which it gives rise. The Persians especially are remarkable for instability and fickleness of disposition; of which there is abundant evidence in the wonderful collection of tales from which the leading ideas of the West on Oriental matters have been derived.

The story we are about to relate treats of everyday life in Persia at

the present time. We have derived it from sources for which we can vouch, and which have never before been made accessible to an English-speaking public. Whatever, therefore, may be its demerits,—and the friendly reader will bear in mind that it is not and does not pretend to be a fiction, written for the mere object of amusement,—it may claim, at least, to be a true representation, so far as its facts are concerned, of modern Persian life. Its events actually occurred, and that in our own day; notwithstanding that their likeness to what we read in the 'Arabian Nights' is so strong. The principal characters of whom it treats are, indeed, living yet; or were so until very lately; though their names have of course, for that very reason, been changed. There will be observed in it one of those sudden changes to which we have referred above; the cause of which, however, is a noble one, and based on the principles of mercy and forgiveness. Now for our story:—

Ali Mahmoud was born of respectable parents, at Tabreez, in the province of Azerbijan. When he had reached his twenty-fifth year, he determined, in compliance with the wishes of his father, who was himself a 'Hadji,' to undertake a pilgrimage to the holy places at Mecca; for, although he had already visited the sacred relics at Meshed Ali and Ker-

bela, his devotion was not yet satisfied. Having therefore provided himself with a horse, and other necessities for his journey, he joined the great caravan which travels annually from Persia to Mecca, towards the end of autumn. The journey to the holy places was accomplished without accident; but on the return homewards an adventure occurred. Whilst the caravan was *en route*, near the city of Hamadan, the young man, with three of his fellow-travellers, loitered a little behind; when a band of Kurds sprang suddenly from ambush, and fell upon them in front, at once preventing their further advance, and cutting off all possibility of help from the caravan; so that the matter ended by their being plundered, stripped, and led away prisoners. The other pilgrims, who, after the lapse of some hours, looked in vain for their four comrades, suspected they had met with some accident; but, being afraid to go back after them, continued their route to Tabreez, where, immediately on their arrival, they spread the portentous report that the 'evil spirits of the desert' had carried off their missing friends. Hadji Mustapha, the father of our hero, hearing of the pilgrims' arrival, got together a hundred or so of his friends, on richly caparisoned horses, and rode out with them beyond the gates of the town, to meet his son on his return from the holy city. When, however, he had looked in vain for the form of Ali Mahmoud in the long cavalcade of dusty and sun-burned pilgrims, he, very naturally, asked one of them where his son was. "Thy son," answered he, with much promptitude, "has been carried away

by the devil, near Hamadan. It seems he had not faith enough in the words of the Prophet, (mighty be his name!) and, therefore, *by* the Prophet has he been given up into the hands of devils."

This intelligence fell like a thunderbolt on the unhappy Hadji. Expectant as he was of nothing but joyful news, the shock was more than he could bear; and he dropped from his horse, in a swoon. Nor was this all. The Prophet must, it would seem, have been displeased with father and son alike; for the sudden fall of its rider so frightened the spirited animal that it shied, and struck the old man's head sharply with one of its hoofs. The wound was immediately examined, and the skull found to have been so badly fractured as to have caused instantaneous death. And so quickly, in Eastern countries, does burial follow death, that in less than two hours the remains of Hadji Mustapha were gathered to their last resting-place.

Meanwhile, Ali Mahmoud continued a prisoner; and was, for some time, kept securely bound. One day, however, a little liberty was allowed him, that he might take his master's flock to some pastures not far off. There he took possession of a horse, which, by good luck, he found grazing out of sight of its owner. Without stopping to reflect, he mounted it, and having been fortunate enough to escape notice so far, he took to flight, and, galloping incessantly for many hours, at last safely reached the city of Kermanshah, and watered his panting steed in the cool stream of the Kazawa. Being now free from

molestation, he sold the horse for a considerable sum, and putting the money in his purse, determined to make his way to Teheran. At this city he learned for the first time his father's melancholy fate. Nor did his misfortunes end here; for the governor of Tabreez, he was also told, had appropriated all Hadji Mustapha's property, after his death. Ali Mahmoud's indignation against the governor may be supposed to have been extreme; but before he could take any steps for the recovery of his property, he was compelled, according to Persian custom, to go through the proper ceremonies involved in mourning for his father's death. When, however, the hired mourners (for the Persians always employ such,) had gone on with their lamentations as long as was usual (*i. e.*, eight and forty hours, minus the time necessary for food and sleep,) the son tied a red handkerchief round his head, according to the custom of the country, and directed the professional men to cease wailing, which they were willing enough to do. He was then free to devote himself to the serious question of the recovery of his family property; and he accordingly sought for and found a notary, who drew up, with his assistance, a suitable petition to the chief minister of state. In this document were set forth, with great lucidity, all the particulars of the robbery from which he was suffering; and, to make sure of its reaching its destination, he presented it to the minister with his own hands. But there, too, as his evil fate would have it, ill luck awaited him. The minister had no sooner read the peti-

tion than he wrote upon it ("by way of endorsement," as we should say,) the following order, addressed to the chief officer of his *ferashes*: "Give the bearer a hundred across the feet! He has charged a governor, of the blood-royal, with having robbed him of his money and goods." Ali Mahmoud handed the document to the captain of *ferashes*, duly received his "hundred," and hobbled away, muttering deep (but not loud) curses.

Being now reduced to complete poverty, he led a wandering and unsettled life for many years, planning all sorts of things,—sometimes earning a little money, sometimes losing it,—till at last he found himself in utter destitution and almost dying with hunger. He had married; but his wife had died, leaving him with an only daughter. One day, after an unsuccessful attempt to obtain some absolute necessities, he returned home to find this little daughter crying bitterly for food. Rushing out again immediately, in a state of desperation, he watched the door of a baker's shop till he saw his opportunity, when he stole a loaf and took it to the starving girl. He then sat down by her bedside, and began to consider what he had better do next, to save himself and her from certain death. It was midnight, and the darkness and silence seemed to inspire him with evil thoughts. Memory brought before him the days when the robbers seized and stripped him; and he thought how much worse his present state was than theirs. He then reflected over the manifest injustice of his treatment by the governor of Tabreez, the embezzler of his family

property, and how the spoiler, because he was one "of the blood-royal," got off scot-free while the spoiled, being poor and friendless, had to swallow his 'hundred across the feet.' As he turned over these bitter memories in his mind, and saw that rascals and villains were almost always prosperous, while the honest and good had invariably to suffer for their principles, all at once an idea struck him. He called to mind that, a short time back, when he had kept a tobacco-nist's shop, he had sold some tobacco to one Hassan, a rice-merchant, who had, on that occasion, unlocked a chest he had in his house, and paid him with some money taken out of a white bag; forty more white bags exactly like it being left in the chest, each one of which contained (Hassan said) a hundred tomauns. These bags now took entire possession of Ali's thoughts; and he determined to profit by the darkness of the night, and make them his own.

He sallied forth therefore without delay, and pondered, as he walked along the deserted streets, what he had better do to gain an entrance to the house. Everything was veiled in the thickest darkness, and the stillness was like that of death. The good Moslems of the city were all asleep; and the only creatures abroad were a few masterless and very hungry dogs, who sniffed at every passenger in the hopes of getting something from him to eat. On crept Ali to the house of the rice-merchant, firmly determined to go through with his task; nor did his resolution, so far, fail him; for, as soon as he had reached it, he unhesitatingly climbed the wall, and, having done

so, took a general survey of the place before setting to work. Short observation sufficed to show him that both Hassan and the only person who lived with him—an unmarried daughter—must have been asleep some time. He got in therefore, through a window, walked up the stairs, and made his way to the room where the treasure-chest was kept. Opening it with an iron tool which he had brought with him, he took out sixteen sacks, containing as much money as would equal three thousand two hundred dollars in U. S. gold. It was as much as he could do to carry this weight in both hands; but he got it as far as the top of the staircase. It may have been the difficulty he found in carrying it that awakened his conscience; but, whatever the cause, the fact remains that his conscience did begin to reproach him, before he had got down two steps. Putting down four of the bags, therefore, and thus lightening both his hands and his heart, he succeeded in getting out into the court-yard. When he had reached the well in the middle of the yard, his conscience gave him some more twinges; and he decided on making yet another concession to the commands of that inward monitor. Without hesitation, therefore, he put down eight more of the money-bags, and thus not only perceptibly lightened his load, but felt quite pleased with himself, as he walked away, on account of the proof he had just given that even in this deed of rascality his honesty had not quite deserted him.

"Four hundred tomauns," he said to himself, "are enough for my wants. With that sum, I shall gain more,

and shall be no longer a beggar. Hassan shall see that even thieves have a conscience."

At this moment the good thief observed, in the eastern part of the sky, the signs of approaching day. The dogs in the streets had left off howling; and, from the boughs of a neighboring palm tree, he heard the musical notes of some early-awakened bird. "I have not a minute to lose," thought the thief, as he began to open the outer door. But scarcely had he opened it when, from the tapering roof of a mosque hard by, rose the clear and shrill voice of the Muezzin, calling the people to awake from sleep and give themselves to prayer. "*Prayer is better than sleep! Prayer is better than sleep!*" cried the Muezzin; and Ali Mahmoud, when he heard that holy voice floating down in sweet and measured tones from the sky, as though from heaven itself, through the dim morning twilight, could go no further; but, like a good Mussulman, who had seen the holy city and was a Hadji, cast aside in a moment all earthly thoughts, and gave his mind to the worship of his Maker. Putting down, near the wall, the four bags which still remained to him, he fell upon his knees on the pavement, and began to pray, in great compunction of heart.

But the same voice had also roused Hassan to his religious duties. Going down stairs, that he might perform his accustomed ablutions at the well in the middle of the court-yard, he stumbled against the bags that were left there by Ali. This greatly astonished him; but, without losing his

time in considering how they got there, he ran up as fast as he could to the room in which he kept the chest, which he found wide open; a sure sign there had been thieves in the house that night. "Are they here still?" thought he to himself. "The first thing I must do is to go down into the court-yard, and see whether the street-door is open." Down he went accordingly, and there found Ali Mahmoud on his knees, silent, and absorbed in prayer. "Thief!" he shouted, "Where's my money?"

Ali made no reply; but continued praying, with the same earnestness, and in the same silence as before.

The rice-merchant, surprised at the man's devoutness, drew back a little, until the pious thief should have ended his morning prayer. Having finished it, Ali got up, and, turning to Hassan, fell on his knees once more, before *him*, gave him back his money, and told him all that had happened. Hassan was deeply moved at the recital of his misfortunes; the more so, as he had known Ali's father well, having made the pilgrimage to Mecca with him, and having been present at his sudden death. He took care however to conceal his emotion, and, assuming all the harshness he could muster, cried "Thief! thief! you are lying;" and forthwith collared him, and locked him up in the stable. "There you shall stop," said he, under lock and key, whilst I go for the constable, who'll pretty soon have you off to jail." And with these words (prepare yourself, gentle reader, for an Asiatic denouement) he went off to look—*not* for the constable,

but for a Mollah, or priest; and returning home with one of these reverend gentlemen in his company, he called to his daughter to come out of her room, brought out the thief from the stable, and requested the Mollah to unite them at once in marriage; which was done.

"And did they live happily ever afterwards?" it may perhaps be asked "Decidedly they did," we reply. At least Ali Mahmoud became, from that time, and in consequence of that alliance, one of the great merchants of Tabreez; and, at the present moment, not only imports a yearly increasing quantity of English goods into Persia, but is the only merchant of his native city who has correspondents in London, Manchester, and other English towns. Our authority, indeed, for the present narrative is his London correspondent, who heard it from one of Ali's clerks, who was in England a

few years ago, on some mercantile business of his master's. To an American indeed, or to a European, unversed as is the "great Caucasian race" of the present day in the manners and customs of that quarter of the globe from which it originally migrated, our story may seem somewhat improbable; but an Asiatic, of whatever country, would, we venture to say, see no improbability in it. It is a known fact that one lucky hit—in the way of salad-making, for instance,—is enough to raise a common huckster or serving-man, from the very lowest ranks to the very highest position in the Cabinet and in court favor, at any of the Eastern Courts. Numberless examples of this kind might be given; but it would afford little profit or pleasure to the general reader to particularize them; and we shall refrain, therefore, from filling our pages with such matter.

NATURE AND ART.

AN ALLEGORY.

WE were walking along one day through a lovely country, thinking of the beauty that surrounded us, when we came suddenly upon a beautiful lane, the green and shady look of which enticed us to enter. It was in the month of March, and everything around us was green and fresh. The flowers of the surrounding gardens filled the air with their sweet perfumes, and the birds from the neighboring woods sent forth their cheerful notes. All seemed alive with the happiness of nature. Overhead, the boughs of the trees on each side met, and formed a beautiful shade, that protected the traveller from the burning rays of the noonday sun. As we passed along, our hearts filled with gladness, we saw a little bower in the distance, and the nearer we approached, the more beautiful it seemed. Vines and other plants were so thickly interwoven around it, that to some parts the rays of the sun never penetrated.

As we approached, we saw "Art" seated at the entrance. She was crowned with a wreath of flowers, and looked as fresh as a new-blown rose. She was dressed in a purple robe, embroidered with the most elaborate skill, and fringed with gold, attired thus that she might, perhaps, please our fancy. In her hand she held a golden rod, like that of a

fairy, in order thereby to appear the more magical and enchanting.

At the other end of the arbor sat "Nature," dressed in a white robe, as an emblem of her simplicity and innocence. She held in her hand wreaths of lilies, wherewith to crown those who were willing to go with her. Her black tresses fell in thick masses upon her shoulders, and being decked with white flowers, made a pleasing contrast with the rich green vines that surrounded her.

After we had talked for some time with "Nature," our attention was drawn from her by "Art," who was pointing to the sky. Immediately we turned our eyes to the quarter pointed out by her, and observed a thin blue mist. This soon cleared off like a mountain fog on a summer morning, and then the garden of "Art" appeared in sight.

"See, there is my garden! In it is everything that man can wish to make him happy, everything to gratify all the longings of his heart. There you will find, when worn out with toil, or overcome with heat, shady bowers in which to rest at your ease. Go, occupy it, and you will be happy."

"Stop," said Nature, "not so fast, my friend. Come with me, and I will lead you to my abode. There it is that you will find true happiness. Everything that you will see or hear,

will fill your hearts with innocent pleasure. Beware, lest the temptations of Art deceive you; for cunning is she, as was the serpent in the garden of Eden."

"Well," at length we replied, "we shall visit both these places, and the one that best pleases us, shall be our earthly abode."

After traveling for some time, we arrived at the gate of Art's garden. We neither found a porter, nor waited till one should appear—every one seemed to think his own merits a sufficient passport—and pressed forward.

On entering, we were struck with the neatness with which it was laid out, for Art had lavished all her care upon it. Everything was made of gold, silver or marble. The statues were formed from the whitest marble, and chiseled with the most exquisite skill. Beautiful fountains sent up their silvery jets, which fell with a gentle splash into golden basins. Gold and silver fish swam in the depths of those crystal waters, and the water-lilies spread their broad leaves upon the surface. Artificial lakes, upon which floated graceful swans and fairy-like boats, aided in beautifying all around us. Often in our ramble through the garden, we saw magnificent green-houses filled with the rarest plants and flowers, and from whose ceilings hung gilded cages, containing the sweetest singing birds. After we had gone through the garden, we went into the palace.

Here our wandering eyes met everything that the heart of man could desire. Over the main door hung a gilded sign, bearing these

words: "All these things will be yours, if you choose to own them." We were about to accept, but the remembrance of our promise to Nature kept us from doing so. As we advanced through the spacious halls, we saw statues and portraits of the most illustrious men. Cæsar, Pompey, Alexander, and Scipio were represented in marble; while Cicero, Homer, Virgil, and others, hung from the walls on canvas.

Soon we entered the main hall. The spangled heavens were painted upon the ceiling; sweet music was wafted through the open windows by the gentle zephyrs which played without, and the air was loaded with the richest perfumes. At the upper end of the hall stood a golden throne, whose canopy was adorned with all the beauty and richness that luxury could lavish upon it. Over the throne were these words: "Accept this chair." Pages and other servants, dressed in rich livery, were hurrying to and fro, entreating us to accept the generous offer. Several times we were on the brink of acceptance, but the remembrance of our promise held us back. Hardly could we tear ourselves away from this splendid palace and enchanting garden. O, what shall we not have at our command, thought we, if we accept this offer!

After wandering through the innumerable lanes and walks of the garden, for some time, we found ourselves outside the gate, and hurrying along on our road to Nature's abode. Soon we reached the portal, which opened at our knock, and we found ourselves in a natural garden.

What a contrast between the two—Art's, the work of man; Nature's, that of Heaven! A more lovely place could not have been found on earth; nature was indeed there, in all her glory. The garden was situated in a little valley, in the midst of mountains. A stream abounding in fish and water-fowl, flowed through the centre. Trees and bushes of every description flourished there, from the tall pine to the stunted oak; from the rose bush to the delicate violet. We were struck on entering with the natural simplicity of all around us. Neither gold nor silver nor marble was to be found there; but all the tender and fragrant flowers were in full bloom, and filled the air with their sweet perfumes. Little streamlets ran along with gentle murmurs, and the birds played and bathed in the cool and limpid waters. The hare and gentle fawn cropped the rich herbage fearlessly beside us. The passing breeze played among the tops of the trees, as they waved majestically to and fro.

After we had wandered through the garden for some time, we came to a lofty and spacious cave. It was formed by the hand of nature out of the solid rock, and the walls and arches of its different apartments

glittered with stalactites. Its tapestry was a sweet vine that spread its tender branches throughout the whole interior. The soft zephyrs brought in the fragrance of the flowers, that were in full bloom at the entrance. The cooling springs sent up their slender streams with a pleasing sound. The borders of their basins were covered with a natural growth of violets, which filled the air with fragrance.

We sat down beside a smooth ledge of rock, which formed a convenient table; and nymphs clothed in white, brought us food. It consisted of fish from their streams, birds from their forests, and fruit from their gardens. While we were eating, they sang sweet songs, in rivalry with the musical warblings of the birds, which greeted us from every tree. They gave us wine to drink, which was sweeter than nectar, but harmless as water. After we had finished our repast, Nature entered, and addressed us thus:

"What think you, O men, of my abode? Is it not as I told you? Are not your hearts filled with innocent pleasure?" "Nothing can be more beautiful, innocent or enchanting than this, we answered; "thou, O, Nature, hast conquered us, and we will be thy servants forever!"

MARY, THE HELP OF SINNERS.

A BULGARIAN HYMN TO OUR LADY.

[At the present moment, when the Bulgarian Church is renouncing its allegiance to the Photian Patriarch of Constantinople, and seems not unlikely to return to Catholic Unity,—some of its prelates (if we are rightly informed) being already in indirect communication with the Holy See,—anything which emanates from that quarter will have a special interest for our Catholic readers, who will recognize in the following Hymn that spirit of tender devotion to our Blessed Lady, from which, if it be general in Bulgaria, everything may be hoped. For our Protestant friends, also, it may have a certain interest; as an evidence of the existence of what they call “Mariolatry” not only outside of the Catholic Church, but in a communion which has, for many centuries, been bitterly hostile to her. Very few Catholic addresses to Mary contain expressions so strong and so unqualified as those of the good Bulgarian Monk, who penned the original of this Hymn. But if this be so, what becomes of the stock charge against the Catholic religion, that “Mariolatry” is a “Popish corruption.”? *Verbum sat sapienti.*]

HYMN.

O Lady, Lady, mother dear,—
 The sinner's help in all his fear,—
 My storm-tossed soul hath found in thee
 Her port of refuge from the sea,
 Her anchor strong when breakers roar,
 Her shield in perils of the shore,
 Her hope, when else she must despair,
 In all life's ills, her comforter.

Mother, to thee I lift my heart;
 Thy meekness to my soul impart;
 In self-abasement for my sin,
 With sighs and tears, and mournful din,
 To thee, my only hope, I fly,
 On thee, my only trust rely:
 Thine intercession if I have,
 Thy Son, thy God, will hear and save.

Be thou my shelter and defence
 In ghostly danger's imminence:

For all the ill that I have done
Win thou the pardon of thy Son;
O call Him by His tenderest names—
That Son whose righteous anger flames,
That Son for me, a sinner slain,
Whom I have crucified again!

His holy laws I have transgressed,
Loving the devil's precepts best:
By thoughts of shame, and deed of sin,
I have defiled my soul within,
Spotted my robes of heavenly white,
Made dim that Image, once so bright!

Could these, mine eyes, be well-springs deep,
Tears, fast as rain-drops, could I weep,
E'en could those founts for ever flow,
That dismal rain no ending know,
Yet never, thus, might sin's dark stain
Be washed from off my soul again!

Ah, me! self-judged, and all alone,
I stand before the Judge's throne:
Ah, me! that righteous wrath I dread,
That soon must fall upon my head.
Who, then, shall snatch from endless fire
A wretch who waits his sentence dire?
To none but thee such grace is given.
Sweet Lady, be my guide to heaven!

AMEN.

A LITTLE MORE CIDER.

THE world of college publications is made up of about one hundred individuals, partly in person and in fair apparel, or thinner, and sometimes, mayhap, finer-edged. If there is nothing useless in the world, what purpose, good or bad, does this community subserve? In the number for June we had the pleasure of quoting, on this subject, a dozen or so most apposite lines. I think every boy will bear me out when I say, that, given two compositions in grist, one for class, the other for the magazine,—let the class not be slighted,—and required which will be the more carefully and improvingly done, the solution will be the OWL essay. The clear reason is, that it is to become public. If our book calls forth an extra exercise of power, has it not accomplished a good? The classes suffer no damage, because the writers are generally those whose scholastic shoulders level with the heads of their classmates at the month's muster. Encouragement is given to thought and care in composing; a little new spirit is infused into every body who inhales the air of publication. If one had foreknowledge that a letter of his would appear before the eyes of everybody, he would chip the corners more smoothly than of usual.

In this country, where colleges of pretension are as frequent as royal castles in the German fairy literature,

it is an excellent thing to have such sort of representation. It is a voice lifted up, which I think faithfully indexes, by its degree of heartiness, the vigor of its source. A big man with a little voice is against nature, and we smile at the freak.

The news of the College—what happens in and about it; what becomes of its professors and students; who dies and who marries; what increments occur to its crust of buildings, and its body of libraries, cabinets, associations, branches of study—in these pages finds its proper channel. A thousand-and-one affairs, interesting to the friends of the place, would otherwise pass unheard-of.

It is hard to imagine the reason why every foster-child of the College, who has slipped now from under her wing, does not send hitherward five of his silver counters, since, for him, the days of circumscribed subsidies are over. There seems to me a blot on every escutcheon that first received its form and polish here, whose owner does not regularly receive the fair covers of his "maga" from the post-office. I am satisfied that every old boy, almost, will subscribe, when his attention is called to the magazine; and as many as these lines encounter, may they take the matter seriously in hand, and join their own names to the pleasant company of friends; for float we must and

shall with their helping hand. In memory of the jolly and ever-to-be-recollected times here enjoyed, of the constant desire and intention to father a similar enterprise, and in token of affection for *alma mater*, be not backward or silent.

You who hold the purses at home, to you we can make our most earnest, because direct, application. Let the ancestral coin drop into the coffers just like rain. We are yours; the OWL is ours; *ergo*, the evident conclusion. If you don't subscribe to the magazine, who will? Old college friends are scattered; the names of those who have become naturalized here, and are attainable, are not legion. A thousand Drummond lights, or the fire from a battery of as many cups as the oldest spinster in the land ever drank, could not place the matter in a light sufficiently strong. All that is asked is for you to reflect on the necessity, and set in motion the good will you already possess. Twelve hundred dollars a year must be gathered from subscriptions and advertisements. If every family let one copy cross its threshold, it will have given well its share; but if friends be collected, then a verdant wreath will be weaving under the roof. Everybody would like to see two or three pages monopolized by his son. Set the clear example by displaying your own interest; your appreciation of the endeavors made. The patrons of the College, strolling

through the cool gardens, the library, the various halls, I believe you feel a sort of ownership, and a very well founded one. Extend to our stitched and pasted leaves the same regard, we pray. Send the OWL your New Year's present, as to your other friends. By a charm unknown to all but themselves, ladies appear to have a remarkable success in collecting subscribers. A kind lady in an adjoining county dispatched to us thirty subscriptions. Will not other friends follow this guiding star?

Why may a successful appeal not be made to all our friends? It is a very true saying, that, the saw, "a friend in need 's a friend indeed." Accompanying the OWL go many College favors, as has been the case with Mr. Doyle's Address at the Inauguration, last Summer; invitations to the Commencement exercises; and to those of the Philalethic Society, and so forth.

Lastly, the boys themselves must employ their every endeavor toward the sustenance of the undertaking. We can accomplish a great deal by ventilating the matter, by writing to parents and friends, and by subscribing ourselves. All this is our bounden duty. The magazine belongs to us all, and everyone who is lax in the performance of his share of the support, is filching from the whole body. Men alive, arouse yourselves, and display what you *can* do when you will.

THE COTTAGE ON THE SEA-SHORE.

ON the bleak and storm-worn coast of southeastern Scotland, nestling amid piles of rugged cliffs, stands a little uninhabited cottage. Its thick stone walls, which have so long held firm against the raging elements and the inroads of time, are beginning to crumble into decay, and now the ocean wind whistles through innumerable cracks and flaws and paneless windows, and down the ruined chimney, as if rejoicing over the havoc it has so slowly and yet so surely worked. Years ago the owners of this cottage left it to drop to ruins, and in a very short time the tempests of the Northern Atlantic will complete its rature. If it could speak what histories might it relate of fearful storms; of noble ships battered to pieces by giant breakers on the cold, black rocks below; of drowning men and women; of mighty treasures swallowed by the sea, to be returned no more. And if, perchance, we should ask for calmer scenes, it would tell of the heavy merchantmen laden with wealth, with the teas and silks of China, the gold of California and Australia, which it has seen gliding by over the blue and tranquil bosom of the ocean, their white sails bellied in the gentle breezes that wafted them along, till growing smaller and smaller they at length disappeared below the distant horizon. It might tell of the gay songs of fishermen as in the evening they sped past, after their day of

toil, their little boats with their finny loads dancing like agile sea-birds over the crests of the playful billows. All these histories, and many another, might it relate; but none more beautiful and noble does it treasure up than that of its owner, of the man who raised its walls among those barren rocks. George Kennedy was a young Englishman, and at the time in which we find him he was some seventeen years of age; his form was noble, manly and strong, and the character written on his expressive and handsome features, and beaming from his clear blue eye, was that of a virtuous and true-hearted youth. He was an orphan, and had no relations in all this wide world to care for and love him, to rejoice with his successes and grieve with his misfortunes, save only an elder brother, who was striving to gain a fortune in the Indies. From his earliest youth George had always a fondness for the sea; he was born and brought up near it; its roaring was music to him; its shells his playthings; its fishes his principal food; for his father was a poor but honest fisherman. It was not strange, therefore, when his parents died and left him to make a living alone in the world, that he should turn for protection to the sea as if to a last and only friend. He followed the vocation of his father and became a fisherman.

His father's death left him pro-

vided with all the implements necessary to the craft he had chosen; hearing that the coast of Scotland abounded in valuable fishes, and that its towns offered a good market for them, he repaired there and built for himself the little cottage. Here he lived for several years, spreading his nets with the greatest skill; but fickle fortune did not see fit to smile upon him: he received but insignificant prices for the fruits of his labor; his little gains were just sufficient to provide him with food and clothing.

One day while rambling along the dizzy heights of the cliffs in search of sea-birds' eggs, he met a young girl who was engaged in the same occupation with himself. She was the daughter of a neighboring fisherman; Edith was her name. She was not such a girl as one might find in the crowded city; nature had been allowed to work alone upon her fair form, to model it as she thought best, and so well had she performed her work, that as the maiden bounded lightly and securely from rock to rock, on the very brink of chasms, at whose base the waves broke with a thousand thunders, her fair, long tresses blown back from her face by the ocean breeze, to young George, to whom, in his solitude, woman was almost a stranger, she seemed a creature of heaven rather than of earth.

From that day forth a firm attachment sprang up between the boy and maiden, and soon their innocent hearts unburdened themselves to each other; they declared their love and a promise of marriage passed between them. It was George's greatest happiness when his day's work was over,

and he had safely moored his staunch boat, and spread his nets to dry, to seek Edith and spend the evening hours in company with her. These hours were the brightest he had ever known, their remembrances rendered him happy during the day, they were present to him in his dreams at night. Nothing now remained for George but to gain the consent to their union of the maiden's father, a warm-hearted and rugged old fisherman; but this George kept putting off from day to day, for he feared the old man would not wish to bestow his daughter on one so poor as he. Love at length triumphed, and one day he found himself by the side of the aged fisherman, as he sat on the rocks in front of his cabin, mending a net. The worker very well knew what George was there to ask of him, for he had observed with sorrow the love that had sprung up between his daughter and the youth. He pitied him deeply, but still he could not bring himself to commit his child to the charge of one who had hardly enough of the world's goods to support himself; still, however, wishing to relieve George from the embarrassment under which he was evidently laboring, the old man took his pipe from his mouth and said kindly: "Well, my boy, I see you are on some errand. What may it be?" "I have come," said George, drawing encouragement from the kind tone in which this was spoken, "to ask a favor of you." A shade of sadness passed over the fisherman's face, as he said: "Speak freely then, and if it is in my power—mark that, my boy—I will grant your favor." "I ask for your daughter's hand. We

cannot live apart, so firmly has love linked us together. Bestow her on me and you will make me the happiest of men." The old man hung his head as he answered: "None can tell, poor lad, how I pity you; but much as it pains me, I cannot grant your request. You are—" "Poor," gasped George. "You have spoken the word, my boy; yes, you are poor. You cannot provide a home for Edith, and should I give her to you I should be doing an act of cruelty to you both, rendering your lot harder than it is; but cheer up, my son," said he, marking with alarm the wild aspect of the young man's face. "Do not give way to despair; put your trust in God; work hard, and so surely as you amass enough money to provide a home for Edith, so surely will I proudly bestow her on one full worthy of her. But look there, while we have been talking here the weather has not been idle. We shall shortly have a storm, and a tough one, too, at that; or those black clouds you see rising yonder above the horizon are false to their looks. Come, you will not have time to reach home before it would be upon you. Let us enter the house and wait till it is over, and even if it lasts a day or two, we have a good roof, and plenty of bacon in the larder, so we shall be none the worse for it."

George followed Edith's father into the cabin, and although he felt sad and downcast, still he had banished the feeling of despair which had at first taken hold of him. Edith was still young, and could wait a year or two for him, in which time he hoped by unwearied perseverance to gather enough to keep them both. "Yes,"

said he to himself, "Edith shall still be mine."

Meanwhile the sky was fast becoming one dense mass of angry storm-clouds; the wind moaned over the hardly tranquil waste of waters, and every now and then a flash of lightning and a roll of thunder enlivened the rapidly increasing terrors of the scene. The sea-gulls flew in from the sea, and with wild screams sought refuge in their nests among the rocks, and all nature seemed preparing for one grand and terrible burst. Soon it came. A mighty gust of wind rushed over the waters, lashing them to foam and raising billows mountains high. The waves roared and crashed against the rocks, and boomed in their caverns with a noise like the discharge of a myriad cannon. The rain fell in sheets rather than in drops, and the gale every moment increased in violence, as though determined to make even the grand old cliffs themselves cringe and fall before it.

The little clock that hung in the fisherman's cabin had just struck four in the afternoon, when, above the howling of the storm, which still continued with unabated violence, was heard the dull thud of a cannon. George and the old man paused not a moment, but seizing each their heavy great-coats, they rushed out into the storm, for well they knew what the sound of that cannon signified. The driving spray for a moment completely blinded them, but as soon as they could clear their eyes they fought their way against the wind towards a small promontory which jutted out from the cliffs, and from which the white line of angry breakers could be

discerned. Just as they reached this spot the crash of a cannon again rang over the sea, and casting their eyes in the direction from which the sound had come, they discovered among the foam-lashed waters far below them, the form of a noble ship. Although she could barely be seen through the darkness, the practised eye of the old fisherman pronounced her to be a large and heavily freighted merchantman. A vivid flash of lightning at that moment enabled them to see her more clearly. Her masts were gone; breaker after breaker washed her decks, to which clung men who were striving with the energy of despair to lash some casks together, whereon to save themselves, but their efforts were vain. No hope could be seen in those frowning cliffs. Only death might deliver them from the terrible situation. Their despairing shrieks arose above the howling storm, as each wave dashed the shattered hulk, the last frail support between them and eternity, with violence upon the rocks. George and the old man could remain but idle spectators of the dreadful scene; for in such a storm any efforts they could make would be useless. At length a wave higher than the rest raised the fated ship upon its pitiless bosom, and she struck the rocks once more. The crash of breaking timbers, and one last dreadful cry for aid, reached the two men, and the next moment nothing remained of the vessel but fragments that floated on the water.

With heavy hearts the twain made their way back to the cabin, where they waited impatiently for the dawn

of day, that they might learn more about the nature of the wrecked ship.

With the return of light the storm in a great measure had ceased, although the billows still rolled high and angry. The character of the boxes, casks and bales which floated on the waters proclaimed the lost ship to be a returning Indiaman. George and the old man stood for some time in silence upon the cliffs contemplating the scene. The latter at length said: "Now, boy, here is a chance for you to make your fortune. These bales that you see floating in every direction contain much riches. Their owners are dead, and they belong as much to you or I as to any one else. Let us try and secure one of those large ones you see floating yonder, and the money we will realize from it, should we succeed in getting it ashore, will be a snug little wedding portion for you and Edith." The young man's eyes lighted up with pleasure as he heard these words, but the next instant it fled from his face as he said: "But look at the sea, sir. We should risk our lives by venturing upon it. Can we not wait till it grows more calm?" "When it grows more calm, boy, the bales, and with them your fortune, may be beyond our reach. Come, if you are not afraid; let us launch the boat." They soon set the fisherman's staunch little craft upon the water, and began to pull stoutly and laboriously against the great waves. "Keep her head well to the sea, boy," said the old man, "and there is no danger. She rides like a surf-duck." Every wave wet them to the skin; but they, hardy fishermen that they were,

heeded it not, and still held on their course. After some time they observed the bales of which they were in quest floating before them. George gave a joyful shout as he perceived in them his fortune and his happiness.

Soon the boat was along side of the bales, and after an hour of hard work, during which they were several times nearly swamped by the heavy seas, they succeeded in fastening to the boat with ropes one of the largest of the bales. "Now we have your fortune, let us make the best of our way to dry land; and a hard pull we have before us, boy; for to tug this heavy bale through such seas as these is no child's play."

They had just begun to advance towards the shore when a faint shout rang over the water. "Hark," said George, resting on his oar, "that surely was a man's voice." Intently they listened till again the sound fell on their ears. "It is the cry of some unfortunate sailor; no doubt one of the crew of the lost ship. Let us hasten to his assistance," said George. "My son, this boat can never make way against these seas with such a load as we have behind her. If you would save the man you must give up the bale, and without the bale Edith cannot at once be yours." "But is there no way —?" "None, boy, none. If you save the man you throw away your fortune." The young man's cheek turned pale as ashes. He drew a knife from his girdle, and for a moment stood irresolute. The next instant the keen blade severed the ropes which held the bale, and it drifted slowly away. Then, dashing a tear from his eye, he seized his oar,

and soon the boat was making her way slowly in the direction from which had issued the shout. Ere long they spied ahead a man hanging to a floating spar; they lifted him into the boat and the next instant he fainted away. They chafed his hands and feet till at length he recovered his senses, and opened his eyes and looked around him. His features relaxed into a look of astonishment as he saw George, who sat melancholy and despondent in the stern of the boat. "Good God! Can it be possible!" he exclaimed. "Young man, is your name Kennedy?" "It is," said George, wondering that a stranger should know him. "Thank God for this. George, I am your brother."

The story is nearly ended, and now it will suffice to say that Charles had returned to his home a rich man. He gave to his noble brother half of his fortune, and a month later saw George lead fair Edith to the altar and make her his bride. Then it was that George recognized how good God had been to him in enabling him to cast aside his fortune to save the life of a fellow creature. After his marriage he and his wife left Scotland, for he was no longer forced to the hard life of a fisherman for the gaining of his bread. His brother, Charles, accompanied them, and they were soon all living happily together in England. As to the old fisherman, nothing could persuade him to forsake the sea. "No, no," he would say to the earnest entreaties of the young couple; "I am already old, and have but a few years more before me now. I was born here by the sea, and here I will die."

AMBITION.

Where e'er upon the face of this fair earth
Is marked a scene of ruin, woe, or dearth.
Where e'er the unsheathed sword is gleaming bright
And proudly flashing in the van of light,
There, too, Ambition's gore-polluted shield
Is guarding Havoc o'er the fated field.
Demand ye in what clime, or distant land,
Ambition's wildly devastating hand
Hath been? Go, ask the traveller who hath seen
Palmyra's gloomy ruins, or who hath been
Where proud Persepolis, the Persians' boast,
Was laid in ruins by a barbarous host,
And ask why rears the stork her hardy brood,
Where once Darius' gorgeous palace stood?
Why fell in dust the Assyrian's mighty walls?
Why coursed fell ruin through Balthazar's halls?
Ah! Devastation ne'er would rear her head,
Stern Havoc ne'er would stalk among the dead,
And nations ne'er had sunk into decay,
If mankind owned not proud Ambition's sway.
O human weakness! that no age or land
Has ever escaped Ambition's withering brand,
That not alone the wild, untutored Goth
Has lead to carnage his stern Sabaoth,
That not alone where Danube rolls his flood,
The Sythian brave has shed fraternal blood;
But, e'en in these, the boasted modern days,
When learning sheds o'er all its freshening rays,
Contagious war spreads ruin o'er the world—
Pale Virtue from her honored throne is hurl'd,
And scornful tyrants mock at Mercy's wail,
And gorged Ambition is the God they hail.
Calm Justice angered at the deeds profane,
Now wings her flight across the roaring main,
Directs her course towards the fair young West,
And halts in safety in Columbia's breast;
Wan Mercy shrieks to view the awful wrack,
And follows in her sister's Western track.

Poland, thou hast felt the pointed steel
And vengeful pressure of Ambition's heel ;
Thy daughters' tears have wet the reddened sod,
Where Russia's sons in conquering fury trod,
In vain brave Kosciusko met the shock,
And stood as stands the mighty rock
'Gainst Ocean's wildest fury ; for the lave
Of stern Ambition's time-enduring wave
Unceasing dashed against him, and he fell
'Mid glory and the whelming millions' yell.
Despair not, Poland ; be hopeful, joyous still,
For there's a God who may destroy at will
The brightest land that on this earth hath shone,
Or haughtiest Czar that e'er disgraced a throne ;
And Russia yet, with all her countless train,
Will leave thee victor on the dusty plain.
The Cossack brave will flee the broken rank,
And haste in terror to the Volga's bank :
Then true Ambition (for that spirit lives
And strength and hope to freedom's children gives)
Will raise on high the flag of liberty—
Proclaim to man that Poland's soil is free.

Behold green Erin's long oppressed shore,
Where foiled rebellion's wildest breakers roar !
Why wails the grass on yonder trodden hill ?
Why murmurs low full many a trickling rill ?
Ah ! well the grass in mournful cadence sighs,
For 'neath its sod the famished orphan lies ;
Well mourns the brook, for 'neath its stony bed,
Are bleaching relics of the mighty dead.
Toil on, as toiled your noble, martyred sires !
Enkindle in your breasts those ancient fires,
That fanned by freedom spread o'er Erin's strand,
And freed your nation from the invading band !
And look with joy to a gore-stained grave
Where tyrants' power can never chain the slave !
Let true Ambition lead you to the fight,
For God and country, for the truth and right ;
And God will guard those rights that he has given,
And send His thunder from the arch of Heaven
That tyrant kings may hear his voice and quail,
And freedom's sons the blessed omen hail.

Behold the mighty and the free young West,
Where freedom rears her unpolluted crest!
Her first great hero in the battle's van
Uplifted high a beacon lamp for man;
And conscious millions saw that beauteous light,
And hailed its advent with a wild delight
That shook oppression as when earthquakes rend,
Or mighty forests to the tempest bend,
Just as the pilot who doth steer his bark
In safety o'er the swelling billows' dark
And angry crest, and her high noble sides
Are lashed in fury by the roaring tides,
And tossed about, of wind and wave the sport,
He guides securely to the longed-for port;—
So Washington well steered the ship of State
Through all the dangers of Ambition's hate,
And brought it safely to the wished-for shore,
Where freedom's flag shall wave for evermore.

So lives Ambition in each earthly clime,
And in all ages of revolving time,
And so 'twill live, until the final day
When man's proud works shall sink into decay;
Until the Alexanders, Caesar's—all—
Shall answer to the Angel's sounding call.
Then, false Ambition, will thy reign be o'er,
Thy fatal power be felt on earth no more.

TOBACCO.

READ AT THE DISTRIBUTION OF CLASS-PLACES, FIRST WEDNESDAY.

WHAT is tobacco? A strange question to ask some of the students of Santa Clara College, who should (if practice ever makes perfect) be able to answer without hesitation. Nevertheless, I think there are few of you who really know what tobacco is; and, therefore, it appears to me that some of the facts relative to its origin, uses, chemical constitution and effects may be advantageously brought forward for your consideration. Tobacco is supposed by many to be a native of Central America. In 1492, Columbus observed the Indians of Cuba enjoying the effects of a well-filled pipe. We may easily imagine the surprise of the great navigator, when he saw the mouth, or perhaps the nose of a human being, converted into a chimney; he little thought that the day was not far distant when the majority of the human race would deem tobacco necessary for their welfare.

It is related of these Indians, that besides a pipe similar to ours, they used also a pipe that had two small stems connecting with the large one, which latter, of course, entered the bowl. When they wished to smoke, they placed the stems of the pipe in the nostrils, and thus smoked through the nose. So you see, instead of drawing it through the mouth, and puffing through the nose, as you

civilized smokers often do, these savages smoked by drawing through the nose, and puffing through the mouth.

The date of the first importation of tobacco into Spain is not exactly known. It was introduced into France by Nicot, from whose name the word nicotine was derived, in 1560. In 1586, Sir Francis Drake, and the colonists of Sir Walter Raleigh introduced it into England. The Chinese are supposed to have been acquainted with the narcotic properties of tobacco many centuries before its introduction into Europe, and we have good grounds for believing this to have been the case, since figures of tobacco pipes have been noticed in various parts of China, on very ancient monuments. It is also quite certain that tobacco was used in America many years before the Columbus' discovery. The best proof of this is the fact that pipes, which show evident signs of having belonged to some very remote age, have been exhumed in different parts of the United States. Having seen something of the early history of tobacco, as far back as we can trace it, let us say a few words relative to its uses.

It is used, as you all know, in three ways, viz: chewing, smoking and snuffing. In the United States, smoking and chewing prevail. Sea-

men also chew a great deal, because smoking is forbidden on board of ship, and snuff is very dear. In Iceland, chewing and snuffing are practiced. The Icelanders take snuff in rather a curious way. They have no proper snuff-box, but use a small horn instead. When they wish to take the snuff, the point of the horn, which has a little hole in it, is inserted in the nostril; the Icclander then shakes his novel snuff-box, and thus causes the required amount to roll in. But this is not all; after the individual who first used the horn has taken as much as is necessary, he hands it around, and thus the coveted snuff is passed, not from mouth to mouth, but from nose to nose. Such is snuffing in Iceland. The Scotch Highlander, fearing lest he should not get enough at a time, uses a small shovel for the purpose. In Russia, smoking is practiced a great deal. In fact, over the greater part of the world, tobacco is either chewed, smoked, or snuffed. The Esquimaux and Chinaman, the European and Malayan, alike hold tobacco as one of the necessities of life. When we reflect that the human race, numbering about one thousand millions of souls, averages seventy ounces per head, and that the total produce and consumption of this favorite narcotic is about two millions of tons, or four thousand four hundred and eighty millions of pounds per annum, and that five and a half millions of acres of rich land are thus kept constantly under cultivation, we must at once be struck with the immense commercial value of the article, and the wonderful power it has ob-

tained over mankind. And our surprise must increase still more when we remember how many obstacles tobacco has had to surmount. The Turks, who are now the most inveterate smokers in the world, regarded the use of tobacco as an offence against religion. The Czar of Russia threatened the offender with death for the second offence. James I, of England, was one of the greatest enemies of tobacco, and he positively forbade his subjects to use it. He thus describes its use: "A custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking flame thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

But James had the mortification to see the amount of the consumption of tobacco continually on the increase. He once, in a most sarcastic manner, when speaking of the number of people in England who used it, said: "Some of the gentry bestow three and some four hundred pounds a yeere on this precious stink." But Mr. Tobacco has seen his enemies sink into the grave, and the number of his friends increase every day, until at the present time salt alone can be said to be more generally used among men.

But what is tobacco? or, what are its constituents? I have not yet answered the question I commenced with. How shall I answer it? I must appeal to chemistry. Analysis shows us that the active principles of tobacco are three, viz: a volatile oil and a volatile alkali, which exist in the natural leaf, and an empyreu-

matic oil which is produced during the burning of tobacco in a pipe. The volatile oil, which is obtained by distilling the leaves of the tobacco plant with water, is present in very minute quantities. A pound of leaves will give only two grains of it. It has the odor of tobacco, and when taken internally, gives rise to nausea. It is, therefore, evidently one of the ingredients to which the ordinary effects of tobacco are owing.

The volatile alkali is produced when tobacco leaves are infused in water and made slightly sour by sulphuric acid; it then is distilled with quick-lime. To this substance the name nicotine has been given. It is a deadly poison, being scarcely inferior to prussic acid; its vapor is so irritating that it is next to impossible to breathe in a room where a single drop has been evaporated. The proportion of this substance in the dry leaf varies from two to eight per cent. The best tobaccos, as those of Havana and Manila, contain about two per cent. of it, hence their superiority over all other kinds. The French tobacco is very rich in nicotine, containing from six to eight per cent. of it. Very rarely, however, can more than six pounds of nicotine be extracted from a hundred pounds of dry leaves.

When tobacco is burned in a pipe, or distilled alone in a retort, the empyreumatic oil is produced. This oil resembles that obtained from the poisonous Fox-glove, or *Digitalis purpurea*. It is a deadly poison—one drop on the tongue of a cat will produce death after two or three minutes. The Hottentots are said to kill snakes

by putting a drop of this oil on their tongues, and death is produced as instantaneously as though they were killed by a shock from an electric battery. It appears to me, however, that killing snakes in this way is something like putting salt on the tail of a bird in order to catch it. As we have seen something of the chemical constitution of tobacco, let us now say a few words relative to its effects. Smoking, as may be readily seen, is much more injurious than either chewing or snuffing, because the vaporized oils, particularly in the case of a cigarette or cigar, enter the lungs in a warm state, and produce those evil effects which habitual smokers often suffer. A long-stemmed pipe is more healthy than one with a short stem, because, in the former case, the poisonous vapor cools before entering the mouth, and in this state is comparatively harmless. The Turkish, Russian and German pipes are made in such a way that the smoke passes through water, and thus much of the hurtful matter is absorbed. The chewer does not suffer from the empyreumatic oil, which is one of the poisons produced in smoking, but according to the amount he swallows feels the effect of the volatile oil and the nicotine. Therefore as chewing, taken in a physiological point of view, is far better for us than smoking, I can scarcely see why our tobacco chewers get twice as many "lines" as our smokers.

Snuff is milder than any other form of tobacco, on account of the large amount of nicotine which escapes in preparing it. The general physiological effects of tobacco are: 1st. To

assuage, allay and sooth the system in general. 2d. To excite and invigorate, and, at the same time, to give steadiness and fixity to the powers of thought. These are the effects when tobacco is used in moderation. The reverse happens when too much is used. In some cases, when used to excess, it produces trembling and paralysis, and sometimes even occasions death. The gentleman who smoked eighteen pipes at one sitting, must have felt rather uncomfortable after the feat was performed. Chewing and smoking produce like effects, only the one in a less degree than the other. The excessive use of snuff sometimes blunts the sense of smell, alters the tone of the voice, and produces dyspepsia and loss of appetite. Tobacco, when taken with moderation, never either shortens or lengthens the duration of a man's life. Some, however, of those who utterly abhor the use of tobacco, assert that it causes premature death. This reminds me of a story I once heard of an old lady who was comfortably seated at supper one evening, enjoying a good cup of tea, when a talkative neighbor came in and told her that unless she gave up tea drinking she would undoubtedly die before her time. "Well, my child," replied the

old lady, "I've been drinking tea for the last eighty years, and it hasn't hurt me yet, and if it's as slow as that about killing me, I don't think its worth my while to stop now." It is the same way exactly with tobacco. We see many very old men who use it, while there is not a single well authenticated instance of a moderate chewer, smoker or snuffer who has died from the habit he has acquired. And, according to the best medical authority, tobacco, when used in moderation, recollect, cannot shorten the duration of life. If tobacco possessed no good properties at all, its use would never have become so universal. When four fifths of the human race say that it is good, we cannot deny their assertion, but must acknowledge that it possesses some good properties. Such, gentlemen, are a few of the leading facts relative to tobacco. As I began with a question, let me also conclude with one. If 800,000,000 of men consume tobacco; if it is used from the cold regions of Iceland to the warm Pampas of South America; from Paris to Pekin; if it has withstood for ages the efforts of religion and of governments to check its increasing popularity, will it likewise overstep the 80-lines punishment system of Santa Clara College?

HISTORICAL SOCIETY FOR THE WEST COAST OF AMERICA.

IT is proposed to form a society for the cultivation of the early history of the West coast. A considerable number of gentlemen have expressed their desire for such a means of converging and making public information on our early colonization ; but as yet no concerted action has been taken. The following note and outline plan explain themselves. They have been handed us for publication, and we willingly lay them before our readers. Gentlemen to whom this number of the *OWL* is sent, marked, will understand that their opinion on this matter and the method proposed is desired, and that any suggestion they may make on the subject, under cover to Rev. A. Varsi, President Santa Clara College, will receive careful attention in maturing the details of the proposed organization. [Eds. *OWL*.

Rev. A. VARSI, S. J.,

Rev. and Dear Sir :—In reply to your note, requesting me to furnish an outline plan for the proposed Historical Society, I send the enclosed, which is the result of such reflection as I have been able to give to the subject. Before acting on it, I think it would be well to put it in print, and submit it to a number of gentlemen likely to take an interest in it, inviting suggestions from them. For this purpose, I dare say, the editors of the *OWL* would give it a place in their columns.

Very respectfully,
Your friend and servant,
JOHN T. DOYLE.

San Francisco, Jan. 13, 1871.

OUTLINE PLAN OF AN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

GENERAL ORGANIZATION.

The extent of the State, the lack of frequent and easy communication between its different sections, and the fact that the persons expected to interest themselves in the objects of the society, reside at different and remote points, render difficult the organization of a society in the usual manner, which pre-supposes facility in attending meetings whereat the business is transacted. To meet this difficulty, it seems to me we must so constitute ourselves as to depend little on meetings and much on correspondence. This method, though more troublesome, has the compensating advantage of avoiding crude oral discussion of historical questions, and substituting better matured and more accurate written ones.

ANNUAL MEETING.

An annual meeting will however be necessary to elect officers, committees, etc. ; and as it is proposed that the society should be founded under the auspices of the College of Santa Clara, it would be well that this should occur at the time of the annual College Commencement.

NAME.

The objects of the society being to bring to light and make public all the information that can be gathered (not commonly accessible) relative to the early history of the west coast

of America, its name might advantageously be made to intimate this purpose, so that persons in Oregon, Mexico, Central, and even South America might, if so minded, be included in its members, and invited to contribute material.

WORKING COMMITTEE.

Its business should be managed by a committee, to whom all communications should be addressed, and who should from time to time publish such historical and ethnological matter as might be deemed proper; such as early relations existing only in MS, or out of print, or translations thereof, vocabularies, etc., of the various Indian dialects, and interesting notes and queries on historical questions.

CONTRIBUTION.

A moderate contribution (annual or monthly) should be paid by the members to defray expenses, procure material, etc. But in order to obtain the co-operation of gentlemen who from distance, or other causes, could not be expected so to contribute,

the committee should be at liberty to select honorary members exempt from contribution.

PUBLICATIONS.

Of the society's publications, a few copies, say fifteen or twenty, should be set aside for the purpose of exchanges; the rest of the edition should be furnished to members at cost. Any not subscribed for by members might be sold at an advanced price. As to correspondence, essays, notes, queries, etc., to be published, what may be termed the transactions of the society, an arrangement could probably be made for their appearance in a periodical, and in such shape as to admit of subsequent collection and binding.

If this general plan be approved, the society could be formed on paper, and its organization completed by a few persons. This done, others could be invited to join by circular, explaining objects, organization, etc.

JOHN T. DOYLE.

January 13, 1871.

IDLE NOTES.

OUR college community is just fairly at work for the Spring term. After a respite from school duties, spent almost entirely in pleasure or the pursuit of it, even the best inclined cannot resume his books without some slight feeling of reluctance. With the majority this repugnance to school labors is more marked, and shows itself in ill-repressed murmurs of discontent. At that moment they are thinking less of the advantages of a College course, than of the confinement it entails on them; but this unwise feeling lasts only a few days. After this everything goes on smoothly.

We have had very remarkable weather during the holidays. The noonday sun, on nearly every day of the vacation, diffused the warmth of May; and that, too, in sections where the winters are usually severe. During the two weeks succeeding Christmas, as well as for several days before it, scarcely a drop of rain fell. It was not until January 9th, that the wishes of clamorous farmers, and miners, were gratified by the fall of generous, though still insufficient showers. Since then the weather has been much cooler. It is only a few days ago that Mount San Felipe, and the neighboring peaks to the westward, were crested with snow. If more rain—and plenty of it—does not fall soon, it is feared that the crops throughout the State will be very light.

The Philaethic Literary Society (seniors) is very soon to have a new hall. The apartment at present occupied by that body, though handsomely fitted up, and adorned with many beautiful and costly presents which cannot well be removed, and though consecrated by the memory, still green, of many of its former members whose voices, now employed on wider fields, or, perhaps, alas! forever hushed, have made those old walls ring with their bursts of conviction-bearing eloquence, is too small to accommodate suitably the growing numbers of the society. There is a second objection to it. The Philaethic Society does not occupy the room exclusively, but conjointly with the junior (Philhistorian) society. The former meets every Wednesday, the latter every Tuesday evening. This arrangement is not altogether satisfactory. Desks and chairs suffer injury; sashes are shattered (all accidentally, of course) and as the guilty party is seldom to be discovered, each society lays the blame at the door of the other, and calls on the other to repair damages. To prevent the unpleasantness of such disputes, it is better that the societies should have apartments entirely separated. Then there will be peace. The new hall is a large, nicely-painted room. A handsome chair for the President is placed at the farther end, opposite the entrance, on an ample

rostrum. The rostrum and floor are covered with carpets of plain design and modest colors. Two chandeliers, of four large burners each, will afford abundant light. The inauguration exercises are fixed for the 25th of January. A description of the affair will be found in our next OWL.

A public entertainment will be given by the College Dramatic Society on the 21st instant, (the 22d falling on Sunday). The selected dramas are "Damon and Pythias," and "Handy Andy," Mr. J. T. Malone will represent *Damon* in the first, while blundering *Andy* in the last has been entrusted to Mr. Joseph F. McQuade. The past success of both gentlemen in the tragic and comic drama respectively is well known, and gives ample assurance that the characters above mentioned will not suffer at their hands.

SOCIETIES ELECTIONS.—The College Cadets senior company called a meeting before vacation to elect officers for the ensuing year. The result is recorded: Captain, J. V. Coleman; First Lieutenant, R. L. Cochrane; Second Lieutenant, P. Byrne; Quartermaster, Jas. Byrne; First Sergeant, A. Rowland; Second Sergeant, Geo. Bull; First Corporal, J. Radovich; Second Corporal, Alf. Deck; Ensign, D. G. Sullivan.

The election of the junior company was held Dec. 19th, when the following officers were chosen: Captain, Alex. Campbell; First Lieutenant, Jas. Kennedy; Second Lieutenant, Jas. Flood; First Sergeant, John Grant; Second Sergeant, B. L. Burling; First

Corporal, John Temple; Second Corporal, Julian Burling.

The officers of the Ætna B. B. C. for the present half year, elected Jan. 10th, are: President, Mr. Calzia; Vice-President, J. C. Hayes; Secretary, Jas. Smith; Treasurer, Wm. Newhall; Censor, J. W. Drown; Captain, Alex. Campbell; Scorer, J. Smith.

The Opposition B. B. C. has held its annual election. The successful candidates were as follows: President, Mr. Calzia; Vice-President, Samuel Rhodes; Secretary, James Dunne; Treasurer, Wm. Fallon; Censor, Jas. Judd; Captain, Wm. Marshall; Scorer, Walter Walsh.

The following is the list of officers elected by the Philhistorian Literary Society for the current term: President, Mr. Jas. V. Coleman; Vice-President, J. W. Drown; Recording Secretary, J. C. Hayes; Corresponding Secretary, H. B. Peyton; Treasurer, D. G. Sullivan; Censor, H. Bowles.

We think it only proper to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. J. C. Hayes, who furnished us with most of the election results given above.

The Philhistorian Society is to become the recipient of a prize of \$40, to be awarded to the member who shall, on a fair trial, be adjudged the best debater. The generous donors are Mr. A. Waldteufel, of San José, and Mr. Stephen Smith, of San Francisco, each gentleman contributing \$20. The subject for the prize debate will probably be determined on very soon. After that, ample time for preparation will be given, that none

may have cause to grumble. A competent board of judges will be present, and will decide to whom the prize is due. The language, arguments, and general style of each candidate will be taken into account in the decision. A lively contest is expected.

Owing to some mistake, which the gentleman's modesty favored, perhaps, the name of the author of "Idle Notes" last month was omitted. The student who kindly assumed our duties on that occasion was Mr. Stephen M. White.

The "Notes of the Early Mission," in the last number, was found among some old papers in the College. If this should chance to meet the author's eye, we would be glad to hear from him, that due credit may be given.

On Friday evening, January 6th, a public entertainment was given in the Collège Hall. As ill health kept us at home, Mr. Wilcox has kindly furnished the following account of it;

Stephen Massett, otherwise "Jeems Pipes," delighted an audience for an hour and a half in the College Hall. The new library in town, prominent among whose originators is Mr. Robt. S. Forbes, not long since in the College, was the beneficiary; report says, though not to a great extent. Introducing Mr. Massett, Mr. Forbes, after stating the circumstances from which the library has been evolved, thanked the College for its free present of the

hall for the evening, and the cornet band of Santa Clara for its gratuitous harmony. The readings and recitations were divided into two sections—the first serious, the second the reverse. "The Vagabonds," "Wounded on the Battle Field," "The Death of poor Joe," from Bleak House, "The Mother's Prayer," and "The Cripple's Story," formed the crying portion; and there is no doubt Mr. Massett did justice to the selections, which in themselves are excellent. The reciter was not of the belief that sawing the air makes a man. I wonder if we cannot secure a note or two from his performance. After reading the admirable description of the poor child of the city's death, the song of "Twenty Years ago"—Mr. Massett's own, by the way—was sung, and to a loud encore, an imitation was given of Madame Anna Bishop in the "Last Rose of Summer." Secondly: Hood's "Artificial Man," the "Artificial Woman," a lecture, with experiments on, the Chinese Opera at Foochow, "Woman's Rights," as seen from a dark point of view, and some characters from the Board of Brokers at Hong-kong, with a "Shoddy Story," led to the expression of the reader's hope of again visiting the audience. The stammering man, in the Board of Brokers, was capital. Some one, the other day in the yard, was rehearsing the Mandarin President's speech, with huge success. In the rests, the band furnished music of first-rate quality.

RESULT OF EXAMINATION GIVEN IN DECEMBER, 1870.

NAMES.	Christian Doctrine ...	Mental Philosophy ...	Natural Philosophy ...	Chemistry	Mathematics	Greek.....	Latin	Eng. Precepts & Comp.	French	Spanish	German.....	Italian	Arithmetic	Book-Keeping	History	Geography	Orthography	Reading	Elocution
Anzar, G.	95							58		10			70		47	55	50	40	
Arguello, A.	45	40	40	90				53	70						60				
Arguello, R.																			
Allison, H.								60					70		55	55	50		
Bowles, H.								85	75					88	75	82		80	
Bull, G.	55				63	73		54	100				80		35	37			
Burling, L.		65			93	50		75						70					
Burling, J.	58					70		60					60	40	30	43		75	
Byrne, Jas.		90			75					75									
Byrne, John	62							70					60		89	98	68	30	
Byrne, P.	90				85		73	67		75					50				
Camarillo, N.	47						65			45			60	95	64	65	70	40	
Campbell, A.	95	20	20			70		62	80						76	65			
Chretien, J.	80				95	75		70											
Cochrane, R.		85			78														
Colombet, P.	55						65	85					40	87	20	23	60	60	
Corcoran, W.	60						74						50	100	100	50	53	15	
Den, Alf.	20						9						43		27	23	40	10	
Den, Alph.	70						11						60		30	35	30		
Den, W.	45						10						50			48			
Dobbins, O.		50	45	78	30	53	46								44			60	
Dobbins, A.					63	35	66								90	90			
Deck, A.	30						41		10					87	64	99	60	56	
Donahue, P.	80						82		15				68		99	55	55	70	
Drown, J.	85				80		65								60	60			
Dunne, J. F.	63						50	20					50		64	65	75	70	
Dunn, P.	100						85						80	100	90	100	90	60	
Durbin, T.							75						100		100	80	30	60	
Dwinelle, H.							80						80		80	85	70		
Ebner, Chas.	70					40	90						60		65	95	52	45	
Fallon, W.	100					56	76						70	40	95	85	57	50	
Fellom, S.	95						52		60				65	85	50	72	40	70	
Flood, Jas.							55						75		25	70	51	68	
Furman, W.	15						54						40		42	60	70	80	
Geary, W.							35	32	75				60	70	3	17	70	10	
Georget, C.													90		40	20	20		
Gluck, H.							10						20		10	10	50		
Grant, J.	50						40						50				71		
Greer, J.	30						58		10				73		72	70	27	60	
Gregory, E.							45						50		8	68	61	20	
Hall, F.							3						60		5	12	65	30	
Harrington, J.	70														65	60	40	55	
Harrison, H.		90			50	78	73	85											
Hayes, J. C.	40						56						40		50	49			
Hemenway,							65						43		50		70		
Hoge, C.							40						40		20	20	50	50	
Jaujou, E.	47						23		60				70	60	26	33	50	74	50
Johnson, J. C.	95		92	95	98		67	83							76	91			

NAMES.	Christian Doctrine.....	Mental Philosophy.....	Natural Philosophy.....	Chemistry.....	Mathematics.....	Greek.....	Latin.....	Eng. Precepts & Comp.....	French.....	Spanish.....	German.....	Italian.....	Arithmetic.....	Book-Keeping.....	History.....	Geography.....	Orthography.....	Reading.....	Elocution.....
Johnson, W.								60					100	70	68	15	54	50	
Judd, J.	100							42		30			70	85	100	100	60	80	
Kifer, J.								43					70	100		65	60	70	
King, E.								20					40		35	20	30	30	
Kelly, A. I.		60	50	60		65	68						50	99	92	85	65	56	45
Kellogg, F.	65							74					60	75	70	80	70	75	
Kennedy, J.	70							62	30				40		30	20	30	30	
Lacoste, F.	55							30					45		50	50	35	80	
Ladd, J.	85							60					60		40	35	45	45	
Laroche, G.	70							40	30				60	100	80	100	100	100	
Lenz, A.								45					60	100	80	100	100	100	
Levy, A.					93	65	68	68					70	63	40	35	63	60	20
Lion, G.								40	90				65	70	34	45	71	90	
Marshall, W.							80	50	20				70	40	30	70	80	80	
Martin, G.	70												70		98	96	70	50	
Martin, H.	95							60	75				70		98	96	70	50	
Mayers, R.								60					50		30	40	50	50	
McCarthy,	60							30					35		60	35	50	50	
McClatchy, V.	70				95		15	50		80			100	33	35			70	
McCone, A.	90							75					56		60	65	53	85	
McCusker, F.								75					80	100	73	70			
McQuade, J. F.					80		74		75				40	73	5	85	60	60	
Maison, H.	65							62	40				80		98	100	58	45	
Morrison, T.	58						70	80	25				80		98	100	58	45	
Miller, W.								90					50				65		
Murphy, M.	60	70	40																
Murray, D.	79							48					70		56				
Murray, M.	50				95	67	69	55					75	95	53	50			
Newhall, E.								69					75	95	85	90	20	68	
Newhall, H.		50			95		33		75										
Newhall, W.					83		40	15	40						60	50	20		
O'Sullivan, W.	25						78	58					70	95	100	100			
Palmer, L.	78						18	75					75		85	70		25	
Patterson, N.								53					83		58	65		50	
Pelliter, L.					88			54						50		83	57	41	
Petersen, C.								50					54		70	85	70		
Petersen, E.								60					55		80	80	70		
Peyton, H.							83	70	100				50		56	60		60	
Pierotich, A.	70							95				60	60		70	70	80		
Poujade, J.	95	88	30	30	70	58		85	80						45	60		90	
Radovich, J.	80				63			35	99					60	65	35	61	30	
Raleigh, A.	95							35					75			85	79		
Raleigh, J.	100							65							62	63		70	
Reale, A.	50							50				66	40	60	69	69	10	40	40
Reale, J.	60							60				70			45	65		45	
Redondo, J.								20					80				40	30	
Redondo, F.													80				20	20	
Richardson, E.								100					70		100	100	92	50	37
Richardson, F.								95					40		70	40	70	90	
Richardson, Fr.													92		60	50	30	70	
Rhodes, S.	85				80	78	80												
Rowland, A.								50					40		65	60	28	49	
San Roman J.	50												63		30	30	70	40	
Sansevain, P.	40							40	60				60			10	30	50	
Scully, T.	45							63					80		50	70	60	60	
Siefert, G.	60							40					55		50	50	50	50	

NAMES.	Christian Doctrine	Mental Philosophy	Natural Philosophy	Chemistry	Mathematics	Greek	Latin	Eng. Precepts & Comp.	French	Spanish	German	Italian	Arithmetic	Book-Keeping	History	Geography	Orthography	Reading	Elocution
Smith, Jas.	58							80					60		45	49			75
Smith, R.								48		75			75	70	100	88	31	50	30
Snyder, B.								10					25				13	50	
Soto, P.	80							45					70	99	70	90	50		
Soto, R.	100						83	98					100	100	100	100		60	35
Souc, L.	65							20					37		10	20	70	60	
Saufrignon, A.	95	60	50	93				49	100						50				
Sullivan, D. J.		60	50	93				57	70				70		54	40			
Stern, F.								32					65	60	70	100	25	40	68
Temple, J.	50							75					60		15	70	29	10	30
Thompson, H.	67							45					45		40	40		65	60
Tittel, E.								33		80			85	97	47	70	33	45	
Trembley, J.	30												27			50	20		
Trembley, F.	83							33						40	25	28	20	30	
Tully, T.	92					5	15	70					60	90	95	98		10	
Udell, D.								40					75		55	38	62	57	70
Udell, E.								100					75	100	100	100	36	70	
Valencia, A.	87							60					75		18	12	40	60	
Veuve, A.	82				98	39	45	54	80						3	94			
Veuve, W.	93				95	68	68	57	90						50	48			
Videau, G.	25							80	65				5		45	35		70	
Villegas, C.								20					28		10		20	20	
Wallace, Ry.	70							60					60		87	50		62	70
Wallace, R.	47							33					75		64	82	11	60	35
Wallace, W.	65							70					57			80		50	
Walsh, C.	20							74					30	50	58	60	45	89	60
Walsh, W.	30							15					40	99		1	94	72	
Walsh, M.	90	100	100	95	73	70		80							90	95			50
Ward, J.	70							50					35		90	95	65	70	
Wilcox, C. F.		90			95														
Wilson, G.					80			85					100		60	55	42	68	60
Wilson, M.			80	75		60	65	62							51	20			
White, F.								10					60	95		45	52	44	
White, E.		65	80	78	50									50					
White, S.		90	95	80	85		70						80						
Wines, F.								9	36				65		60	85		70	
Wolter, L.	52							52					50	96	69	100	30	50	25
Plister,								10			30		25		10	20		30	
Campbell, J. H.																			
Colombet, C.																			
Monaghan, J.																			
Scully, T.	45							63					89		50	70		60	30
Arguello, C.								40							10	10		30	
Beaulieu, O.								50					30	30	25	60		70	90
Betz, T.								33					40		98	35		60	40
Broder, L.								36					50		70	65	51	52	50
Broder, J.													35		65	65	75		
Brown, S.								70											
Caldwell, H.								32					50		99	90		70	50
Casey, D.								75					40		70	65		70	
Christin,								15					60		10	20		50	
Dore, T.								75					98		85	72		75	30
Dore, P.								2					80		10			80	80
Dougherty,															8	8	1	65	
Day, J.								50					85		50	15	30	85	70
Egan, D.								39					35		82	73		55	80

NAMES.	Christian Doctrine	Mental Philosophy	Natural Philosophy	Chemistry	Mathematics	Greek	Latin	Eng. Precepts & Comp.	French	Spanish	German	Italian	Arithmetic	Book-Keeping	History	Geography	Orthography	Reading	Elocution
Egan, T.								68					90		50	38	70	64	74
Elems, G.								70					70		80	75		65	
Forbes, A.								49						50		60	45		
Fosgate, W.								24							15	58		65	35
Leahy, W.																			
McCarthy, T.								65					65		70	95	85	50	
McGettigan,								13							20	15		40	
McGovern,								60					70		70	40	80	75	
Malarin, I.			40	50															
Malone, J. T.	90	90	70	98	70	75													
Manner, J.								15					40			10		40	
Moriarty, J.													85					51	
Pinard, L.			65	58	78			50	65						30	40			
Spence, A.													75		20	20	65	65	
Spence, R.								60					89		70	50		65	
Sullivan, J.								46					35		55	68		45	
Thorn, R.								70					33		45	20		70	
Thompson, J.								4					70		75	70		67	80
Trebock, B.													100		95	100	65	70	
Williams, S.													20		50	59		67	40
Cole, W.													64					40	50
Robinson,																			

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR EXCHANGES.—Papers: Notre Dame Scholastic, Annalist, College Courier, Index Niagarensis, College Days, Cornell Collegian, Cornell Era, Harvard Advocate, College Times, Georgia Collegian, College Journal, Madisonensis, Trinity Tablet, Cap and Gown, Dalhousie College Gazette, College Review, Heald's College Journal, College Herald, College Argus, Acorn, Simpsonian, Yale Courant, College Courant.

Magazines: Wabash Magazine, Yale

Literary, Beloit College Monthly, Little Corporal, Young Crusader.

We have many times been placed under obligations to Mr. Waldteufel, of San José, for gifts of magazines and papers, from his book and newspaper emporium on Santa Clara street. We have now again to thank him for the December and January numbers of Scribner's Magazine; and for the Transatlantic Monthly, Harper's, and Van Nostrand's Eclectic Engineering Magazine for January.

OLIO.

THE BASHFUL MAN.—Washington Irving at a party in England, one day, playfully asserted that the love of annexation which the Anglo-Saxon race displayed on every occasion, proceeded probably from its *mauvaise honte* rather than its greediness. As a proof he cited the story of a bashful friend of his, who, being asked to a dinner party, sat down to the table next to the hostess in a great state of excitement, owing to his recluse life. A few glasses of wine mounting to his brain completed his confusion, and dissipated the small remains of his presence of mind. Casting his eyes down, he saw on his lap some white linen. "My heavens," thought he, "that's my shirt protruding at my waistband." He immediately commenced to tuck in the offending portion of his dress; but the more he tucked in, the more there seemed to remain. At last he made a desperate effort, when a sudden crash around him, and a scream from the company, brought him to his senses. He had been all the time stuffing the table-cloth into his breeches, and the last time had swept everything clean off the table. Thus our bashful friend annexed a table-cloth, thinking it the tail of his own shirt.

SCENE corner of Spruce street.—Knife-Sharpener Man—In a sonorous voice—"Here goes! your nice chemical patent erasive soap, highly scented and put up in neat packages—cheap

at twenty-f-i-v-e cents, Here you have it—just-a-going—warranted to remove all stains whatever—paint, oil, or g-r-e-a-s-e." Ragged Urchin—"I say, Mister, will it take butter off a plate." Sensation and cheers among the crowd.

TRUTH.—To have no concern for the truth, to be false and fallacious, is a character which no person who is not utterly abandoned would choose to bear; it is a character from which we expect nothing but levity and inconsistency. Truth seems to be considered by all mankind as something fixed, unchangeable, and eternal.

A modest contemporary calls veal "unfinished beef." This is pretty good, but why not extend the vocabulary? Suppose we term lamb "incipient mutton," and denominate pig "premonitory pork!"

A little girl, excited by a brilliant display of her aunt's gold-plugged teeth, exclaimed: "Oh, Aunt Mary, how I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours."

THE heart which is capable of receiving the purest rays of joy, must have been shadowed by the darkest clouds of sorrow.

WHEN a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will serve his turn—neither truth nor falsehood.

A double refined Arkansas editor puts it to his rival in this wise: "The volcanic, pimple-headed, blister-brained, owl-faced, spiked-nosed, weasel-eyed, web-footed, peg-legged, lilliputian, foggy, pettifogger, of the *Democrat* does not like our personal appearance. Until this foul-mouthed, brazen debaser has been run through a sieve, a filter, scoured, scrubbed, swabbed, sponged, and disinfected; until he is a fit object to enter decent society, we will forbear having anything to say to him."

A Vermonter, one of the passengers on the steamer *Ontario*, Captain Estes, was charged fifteen cents for giving his boots a shine. The Green-Mountain boy refused to pay, and appealed to the captain, who told him that he believed fifteen cents was the price for such a service. "Wal," says the Vermonter, "I shan't pay it! Why look here, captain, deown our way you kin git a whole box of blacking for ten cents."

An artist showing his picture to a customer, received the following sharp retort: "Well, I don't think much of this!" said the customer, holding up the picture before him. "Don't think much of it? Why, that is a very rare print—very rare print, indeed, sir!" Rare! I've no doubt but it is *rare*,—but it certainly is not *well done*."

A Western editor complaining that he could not sleep one night, summed up the causes:—"a wailing babe sixteen months old, a dog howling under the window, a cat squalling under the alley, a colored serenade in a shanty

over the way, a toothache, and a pig trying to get in at the back door."

"Mister, where's your house?" asked a curious traveller of a half horse, half alligator squatter. "House, eh! D'ye think I'm one of that sort, stranger? I sleep in the prairie—I eats raw buffalo—and drinks out of the Mississippi."

A lady in Birmingham complains that during the first year of her married life her husband called her "my dear," the second year "Mrs. A.," and the third year, "old sorrell top," which was too much for her to bear.

A new member arose to make his first speech, and in his embarrassment began to scratch his head. "Well, really," exclaimed Sheridan, "he has got something in his head after all."

He knows his nose. I know he knows his nose. He said I knew he knew his nose; and if he said he knew I knew he knew his nose, of course he knows I know he knows his nose.

"Were you ever at Cork, Mr. Foote?" said an Irishman to the comedian. "No, I never was at Cork," replied the wit, "but I have seen a great many drawings of it."

How TRUE.—A fat man has no friends in an omnibus.

IDLENESS can never secure tranquillity.

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